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ONE PENNY.



GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE AT THE BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON. (See page 506.)

Notes of the Week.

MR. WILLIAM CARTER, the conductor for East Surrey, has just concluded an inquest on the body of Robert Jack, who was killed at the Clapham Junction of the South Western Railway a short time since. The inquest was held at the Clapham Railway, and Mr. Thomas Bent attended to watch the proceedings for the company. Robert Casson, a porter at the station, stated that he saw the deceased get out of the 852 train from London on the previous Monday. He crossed the line, and got into the six-foot way. The witness shouted to him, but the deceased did not hear. He crossed at the back of one train in front of the 655 up express from Richmond, which was not timed to stop at the junction. He was knocked down and fearfully mangled. His head was cut off and shockingly mangled, his legs and arms being severed from his body. George Reader, the inspector at the junction, said that the deceased got off the platform without being observed; that upon being seen and shouted to, he saw the coming express and endeavored to save himself by jumping on to the other platform, but his foot slipped at the first attempt, and before he could recover himself the engine caught him, with the result already detailed. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," and expressed their unanimous opinion that no blame whatever was attached to the officials on duty at the station, and that the arrangements made by the company at the Clapham Junction were as complete as possible.

On Saturday, a young, lady-like woman, named Annie Graham, was charged at Liverpool with having defrauded the Rev. J. Hindley, incumbent of St. George's Church, Everton, of £5. It appears that about a week since the prisoner called upon Mr. Hindley with a note purporting to have been written and sent by Mrs. Rowatt, a member of the rev. gentleman's congregation, asking for the loan of £5. Mr. Hindley knowing Mrs. Rowatt well, promptly placed a note for that amount in an envelope and gave it to the prisoner. He asked no questions, nor did he afterwards mention the subject to Mrs. Rowatt, feeling, as he explained to the magistrate, that it was a matter of some delicacy. Some days afterwards he heard from a relative of Mrs. Rowatt that the prisoner, who is herself in some way related to the lady, had been using Mrs. Rowatt's name for the purpose of obtaining money from several members of the congregation. The prisoner was arrested at her lodgings in Canterbury-street by a member of the detective force. During her examination before the magistrate, it was stated that the prisoner had, by the use of forged letters, obtained numerous sums of money from the Rev. Mr. Anderson and other gentlemen. About twenty letters of that description were found at her lodgings. She was remanded.

A METACROLY accident occurred in the repairing shed of the Great Northern Railway Company's works at Peterborough on Saturday afternoon. An engine had been brought in for repair, and the workmen were testing the boiler in the usual way, when it suddenly exploded, with fatal results. A man and a boy who were at work on it were killed on the spot; another man has since died from the injuries he received, and there are others more or less severely wounded. It is supposed the accident was caused by the safety-valve having been closed.

THE PLAISTOW MURDER.

FERDINAND KOHL having been found guilty of the murder of a young German named Furhop, whose headless body was found in Plaistow Marshes, Kohl was sentenced to death, and immediately after the sentence was passed upon the prisoner the sheriff, accompanied by their deputies, Messrs. De Jersey and Davidson, proceeded to his cell, and told him to prepare himself for his removal to Chelmsford, where the sentence was to be carried out. He was in a dreadfully excited state, and with great violence of gesticulation, accompanied by appeals to the Almighty, he declared that he was innocent of the crime of which he had been found guilty. He was told that this course of conduct would not avail him in any manner—that he had been tried and convicted by a jury, partly composed of foreigners, at his own request, and that the sentence would certainly be carried out, and that all that remained for him to do was to endeavour to make his peace with God. This did not, however, seem to produce any effect upon the wretched man, who still persisted in asserting that he was innocent, and he said that if his witnesses had been examined they would have proved his innocence. He also complained of the conduct of some of the witnesses who had been examined for the prosecution, and particularly of the police, and said they had taken away his property, and had not spoken the truth. It was a considerable time before he recovered his composure and was in a fit state to be taken from the goal to Chelmsford. It seems that on several occasions since the prisoner has been in Newgate awaiting his trial he had conducted himself in the most violent and extraordinary manner. He appeared at times to pray devoutly, and he was for some time occupied in writing hymns in the German language, but on other occasions he has been in a violent state of excitement, and in allusion to his crime has called down the most fearful imprecations upon himself if he was not innocent, at the same time calling upon the Almighty to execute vengeance against his accusers. The appetite of the prisoner since he has been in custody appears to be most extraordinary, and during the greater part of the time he has been confined in Newgate he has been allowed a double ration of bread with every meal. The culprit was taken in a cab to the Great Eastern Railway Station, in charge of Penn and Dear, two of the warders of Newgate. He was securely handcuffed, and a compartment of a second-class carriage was specially engaged for the purpose of carrying the culprit to his place of destination. The following is a copy of the death warrant or order under which the prisoner was removed:—

"Under Criminal Court to wit—At a general session of oyer and terminer, and general session for the delivery of the Queen's seal at Newgate, holden for the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court, at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey, in the suburbs of the City of London, on Monday, the 9th day of January, 1865, Ferdinand Edward Karl Kohl, aged twenty-six, standing convicted of the wilful murder of John alias Christian Furhop, is ordered to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, and his body to be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison in which he shall have been confined after his conviction; and the said Ferdinand Edward Karl Kohl is ordered to stand committed to the custody of the sheriff of the county of Essex, in execution of the said judgment.—By the Court, HENRY AVONET, Clerk of the said Court."

During the journey to Chelmsford the prisoner continued to rave and assert his innocence, and once or twice he made use of the expression, "God knows I am as white as the snow." When the train arrived near to the station the officers requested him to be quiet, and said that he being violent could not do him any good, and that it would only be likely to have the effect of inducing people to believe him guilty of the crime. They at the same time told him that if he had any information to give, or any representations to make to show that he had been improperly convicted, every facility would be afforded him to do so during the interval before his execution. This appeared to have the desired effect, and the culprit accompanied the officers quietly to the goal at Springfield where he was received by the governor and some of the warders, and at once conveyed to the cell appropriated for the reception of condemned criminals.

The Bishop of Salisbury has licensed the Rev. Charles Edward Carter, clerk, M.A., to the curacy of Durward and Bryanston, Dorset, on the recommendation of the rector, the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

M. Baroche, Minister of Public Worship, little thought of what was coming on him when he issued his circular against the reading by the clergy of the entire of the Papal Allocution. The circular was, by general admission, remarkably temperate, and quite a different thing from his famous excommunication of the Orleans Government after its fall. The effect of his mild letter does not bear out the maxim that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" for he is since used as a target, and the bishops step up one after the other and aim their missiles at him, the signal being given by the Archbishop of Cambrai. There are fourteen of them already—namely, the Archbishop of Besancon, who is also a Senator; the Archbishop of Cambrai, the Archbishop of Rennes, the Archbishop of Tours, the Archbishop of Lyons, and the Bishops of Marseilles, Angers, Poitiers, Bayeux, Moulins, Carcassonne, and Montauban, who have either written to him or at him. The Archbishop of Besancon has not addressed the minister directly, but has done what he doubtless thought much better; he has read the obnoxious encyclical in his pulpit, and declared in full congregation his complete adhesion to it; and for doing so the *Moniteur* announces that he also, as well as his right reverend brother of Moulins, will have to answer before the Council of State. The Bishop of Laval not only wrote to the minister, but gave a copy of his letter to the parish priests of his diocese "for their parochial archives." Other prelates submit to the prohibition, but not in silence; they discuss, protest, and "reserve their right of reply." The Archbishop of Paris, who is a thorough Gallican, has said nothing yet, but it is probable that from twenty-five to thirty others will have their shot at M. Baroche.

The Government is said to contemplate taking some serious step in the matter, as the prefects are instructed to send in reports as to the effect produced in the departments by the encyclical, as well as by the ministerial circular.

A conversation said to have taken place a few days ago between a member of the Chamber and the Archbishop of Paris is worth recording. "The times we live in," the former is reported to have observed, "are pregnant with danger to zealous Catholics. The Pope is abandoned to his despots; his teaching is vilified by philosophic and incredulous publicists and proscribed by ministerial edicts. Our enemies are let loose upon us, and the moment of trial is approaching when the sacrifice of the priest approaches martyrdom." "Re-assure yourself," replied the archbishop, "martyrdom is not so great as you imagine. Nobody seeks the martyrdom of the least among us. The day of religious persecution is not arrived. O-m-m your fears. If the time of persecution should come, and the lives of the pastors must be offered as a holocaust to blind passion, rest assured that I will not hesitate, any more than you, to submit to the sacrifice. But, thank God, we are not come to that; and to live in peace all we have to do is to guide our flocks with prudence, to lead them to the path of religion, to concentrate all our ambition on our sacred duties as priests, without troubling ourselves with the irritating questions of politics." It is added that the great majority of the priests present warmly congratulated their superior on what he said, and declared their entire adhesion.

PRUSSIA.

The King in his speech on opening the Legislative Chambers said:—

"Gentlemen,—It is my earnest wish that the difference which has arisen within the last few years between my Government and the Chamber of Deputies should be brought to reconciliation. The memorable events of 1864 will have assisted to enlighten the public mind upon the necessity of improving a military organization which has passed through the test of a successful war. I am resolved still to respect and uphold the rights the constitution has granted to the representatives of the country, but if Prussia is to maintain her independence and the rank to which she is entitled among European states, her Government must be firm and strong, and a good understanding with the representatives can only be secured by the maintenance of the organization of the army, which guarantees its military efficiency, and consequently, the security of the country. All my efforts and all my life are devoted to the happiness and the honour of Prussia. By pursuing the same object, I have no doubt you will find the way leading to a complete agreement with my Government, and your labours will thus conduce to the welfare of the country."

LOSS OF H.M. SHIP BOMBAY.

The following despatch, addressed to Lord Clarence Paget, was received at the Admiralty on Sunday night:—

"Admiral Elliot reports the total loss of her Majesty's ship Bombay by fire, at Monte Video, on the 14th of December. Mr. Smallhorn, assistant surgeon, of the officers, alone is missing; but twenty-three of the crew are supposed to be lost. Lieutenant Sarsfield, bearer of the despatches, proceeds by French packet to Bordeaux to-day."

The *Navy List* for January, 1865, describes the Bombay (flagship of Rear Admiral the Hon. Charles G. J. B. Elliot, C.B.) as a screw ship, mounting sixty-seven guns, of 400-horse power, and 2,782 tons. The following are the names of the officers:—Flag Lieutenant, Henry N. Hippisley; Secretary, Stephen H. Moore; Clerks to Secretary, Assistant Paymasters Charles J. H. Clinks and Charles R. Drew; Captain Colin A. Campbell; Commander Richard Wells; Lieutenants, Edward Kelly, Francis Stirling, Charles J. Vidal, Henry J. Carr, J. Buchanan, C. R. Forrest, and J. R. T. Fullerton; Master James S. Watts; Captain of Marines, O. Frampont; Second Lieut. Marine Artillery, J. S. Bird; Quadjin, the Rev. J. Erskine, M.A.; Surgeon, F. W. Blake, M.D.; Paymaster, J. D. Gilpin; Naval Instructor, Thomas H. Johnson; Chief Engineer, Robert J. Hay; Sub-Lieutenants, E. F. Keppel, H. A. Mandeville, and A. S. Phillips; Second Master, F. Hunter; Assistant Surgeons, J. K. Smallhorn and John Simpson, M.D.; and Assistant Paymaster, H. M. Harcourt.

The Bombay was built at Bombay in 1828, and was put into commission March 21, 1864, at Chatham, with a complement of 750 officers and men. The engines were by Messrs. Humphreys, Tennant, and Co., and she was fitted up with all the newest improvements under the superintendence of Captain William H. Stewart, C.B., the superintendent of Chatham Dockyard. She was floated out of dock April 7, and tried off the Mafin Sands on the 26th, which trial proved very satisfactory. She was inspected on the 2nd of May, sailed on the 4th, and anchored in Plymouth Sound on the 6th, when Admiral Elliot hoisted his flag. She left Plymouth on the 10th, was at Rio Janeiro, Sept. 22, and at Monte Video, Oct. 30.

Captain Campbell is thirty-three years of age, and has been employed more than half his life at sea. He has a medal and clasp, is a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and is also decorated with the Order of the Medjidie of the fifth class. He entered the navy in 1814, was advanced to mate in 1830, and, previous to being promoted to lieutenant, May 25, 1852, served in the East Indies and Mediterranean. As lieutenant he served on particular service on the North America and West India station, and again in the Mediterranean. He was advanced to commander, Feb. 26, 1858, and, after commanding the *Banquet* and the *Geyser*, was promoted to post rank March 25, 1863.

General News.

A NUMBER of gentlemen, including Lord Petre, Lord Fitzalan Howard, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Stafford, the Hon. Charles Lamb, Sir Robert Gerard, Sir George Bowyer, Bart., M.P., Mr. St. Jean de Bellais, and others, have combined for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Cardinal Wiseman on the 8th of June next, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The idea is to present him with a full-length portrait of himself, painted by an eminent artist, and to invest any surplus that may remain in aburse which is to bear his name in perpetuity.

THE London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* says: "There is another report now, to the effect that a marriage is being arranged between the Princess Mary of Cambridge and Prince Gastave of Saxe-Weimar, whose elder brother, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, is married to a sister of the present Duke of Kent. Their serene highnesses are cousins to the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Prince Edward is colonel of one of our regiments of Foot Guards; and Prince Gastave is a colonel in the Austrian army. He is thirty-eight years of age, and the Princess Mary thirty-two."

GENERAL GARIBOLDI has written as follows to the Working Men's Association of Milan:—"Brother workmen—Education among the people is one of the surest means of obtaining liberty. Instruct one another, and the traditions of the working classes will quickly be restored."

THE rectory of Tarrant Keyneston, in the county of Dorset, and diocese of Salisbury, worth about £400 per annum, and residence, has just become vacant by the death of the incumbent, the Rev. Henry Austen, who was instituted thereto in 1856; patron, the Rev. Austen J.; population, 309.

WE are informed, on good authority, that the Emperor of the French has ordered his "Life of Julius Caesar" to be translated into English, and has undertaken to revise the proofs himself.

WILLIAM RUPPELL, THE CONVICT AND EX-M.P.—A paragraph went the round of the newspapers a short time ago concerning the honours paid in Australia to Robson and other convicts by their fellow-prisoners. It is remarkable that the same spirit manifests itself at Portland towards Mr. Ruppell, the late member for Lambeth. Ruppell some time since was sent from Millbank Prison to the works at Portland, and his uniform good conduct in prison entitled him to receive, as early as the convict regulations allowed, a first-class certificate, with its attendant privileges. But Ruppell is set to the usual task work on the fortifications. He tells, however, his friends who visit him that his fellow-workmen, whenever they have got a chance, are eager to help him to get through his task in order that he may leave work before them on the days on which visitors are allowed among the convicts. Ruppell is to be seen as next in person, in his prison garb, as he used to be while he was a member of the House of Commons. On the men breaking off work for the day a number of pails of water and napkins are placed for them, with which they are to wash and clean themselves; and two or three prisoners use a pail among them; but however pressed they may be for time they set aside one of the pails, declining to use it until Ruppell has washed in it, and they always reserve for him a clean napkin. Many of Ruppell's old friends go down at stated times from London to see him, and they describe him as wearing the same cheerful, serious look which marked him in the house. He never speaks to them of the past, but discusses the questions of the day, showing still the master passion for politics.—*Sherborne Journal*.

PRESENTATION FROM THE QUEEN TO DR. CASS.—On New Year's Day, Dr. Cass, of Cowes, received, through the hands of Sir Charles B. Phipps, a massive and magnificent silver inkstand. "As a memorial from the Queen of her Majesty's appreciation of his skill and attention during the many years he has attended, in his professional capacity, at Osborne," Dr. Cass, who has long been held in very high esteem at Cowes, has been the medical attendant upon the royal family and household at Osborne for nearly twenty years, but finding of late that his sight had become so seriously impaired as to threaten absolute blindness, he felt constrained (though still in the prime and vigour of his life) to resign his appointment at Osborne, and to withdraw altogether from the profession in which he had established a high and well-earned reputation. This circumstance has been a matter of universal regret throughout the whole of the wide district over which Dr. Cass's practice extended; but among the many expressions of sympathy which have reached him from all quarters none have been so warm, and none, of course, so deeply gratifying, as those which have been conveyed to him from the Queen. "Her Majesty," says Sir Charles Phipps, in the letter which accompanied the costly memorial, "hears with great regret that she shall no longer be able to avail herself of your valuable medical services, and the Queen still more laments the sad cause which has thus forced you to abandon your profession at an age when your usefulness should be greatest." Again, Sir Charles says, "I am directed to express her Majesty's sincere sympathy for the affliction which has obliged you to discontinue your valuable services."

DEFAUDING A POSTMISTRESS.—The postmistress of Cuff's Grange, a village near Kilmarnock, was startled a few days ago by a visit from a pompous, showily dressed gentleman, who announced himself as an inspector from the General Post-office, specially sent down to investigate her accounts, &c. Having first expressed some disapprobation of the arrangement of her office, he proceeded to make a minute examination of the books; but in the course of the scrutiny, to the great delight of the poor postmistress, the stern expression faded from the official countenance, and at its close he complimented her highly on the neatness and accuracy of her records, and wrote in the daily ledger a most complimentary report, recommending her an increased salary. Delighted with this gratifying result of the dreaded inspection, the postmistress invited her supposed official superior to lunch—an invitation which was most cordially accepted. After doing justice to the repast, the "inspector" prepared to leave, but pretending to recollect that he had seen in the letter-box a registered money-letter enclosing £5, directed to a constable at the neighbouring police-station, he remarked that a speedy delivery would doubtless be very acceptable, and kindly offered to take it himself to the barrack. The postmistress, not daring to disobey such a potent personage, gave him the letter, and he proceeded straight towards the police barrack, but it is hardly necessary to say that he never delivered it, and nothing has since been heard of him or it. In a couple of days afterwards the postmistress saw the person to whom the letter was addressed, and congratulated him on receiving such an acceptable new year's gift. An explanation ensued; the authorities at the General Post-office were communicated with, and disavowed all knowledge of the soi-disant inspector; and the duped postmistress is liable to a prosecution for knowingly delivering the letter to a person not entitled to receive it.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH.—FITS AND DYSPEPSIA.—A Sure Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a treatise on Foreign and Native Hereditary Complaints, published by Dr. O. Palmer Brown. The prescription is uniform and in such a providential manner that he cannot so suddenly refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be obtained of any Herbalist. Sent to all on receipt of four stamps to prepay postage, &c. Full work of 48 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated, also treats on Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Liver Complaints, General Debility, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their cure and permanent cure. Address, Dr. O. Palmer Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London. (Advertisement.)

A VISIT TO THE CRIMINAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

We are all of us familiar with the verdicts, "acquitted on the ground of insanity," and the invariable sentence which follows on them, "to be imprisoned during Her Majesty's pleasure." These two meagre scraps of information, if such they may be called, are generally all that the public learn concerning the career of criminal lunatics. What becomes of them afterwards—where they are imprisoned, how they live and die, whether they become partially cured, or still more confirmed in their derangement, and add to their first crime by fresh attempts upon the lives of their keepers—none but their own friends, if even they, ever know afterwards. The criminal lunatic—and by this term we mean to refer only to those of homicidal tendencies, persons never dangerous to themselves, but always so to others—is, when once acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity, as dead to the world as if the earth had already closed over him. For every other class of criminal there is some chance of ultimate reprieve; for these dangerous madmen none whatever. Two or three years ago there used to be wards for these miserable homicides, men and women, in most of the county asylums, while very many, including Edward Oxford, who so nearly killed the Queen, Manganen, who murdered Sir Robert Peel's secretary in Whitehall-place, and the celebrated Captain Johnston, who under such terrible circumstances killed all the crew of his ship, the *Tory*, were kept at Bethlehem by a special arrangement with the Home-office. This system, however, was full of inconveniences, and these inconveniences, becoming aggravated as every year added to the numbers of such prisoners, at last grew to such a height that the Government determined to build one large asylum capable of holding all the lunatic murderers, men and women, of Great Britain.

This building is the great Broadmoor Asylum. It is distant about two miles from the Wellington College Station of the South-Eastern Railway, and, surrounded by pine woods, commands a magnificent prospect. The building, or rather series of distinct blocks of buildings which compose it are lofty and handsome, and, if as Sidney Smith said, the builder of a red brick house is a public benefactor, then, indeed, the founders of Broadmoor deserve no ordinary meed of gratitude, for a warmer or more comfortable-looking structure was never erected in a more wild though beautiful situation. Every part of the buildings, and the long, steep, terraced slopes which lead down the hill in front, and are to be hereafter used as gardens, are surrounded with high walls, for the place, as might be expected from the character of its inmates, is not only an asylum, but, as it should be, a strong house of detention also. Beyond these walls, whether sane or insane, the murderers once committed to Broadmoor never pass in life or death. In all that relates to diet, lodging, and every other comfort, they are treated with almost an excess of care. They can see their friends, can write to whom they please, can take what exercise they like in the spacious airing grounds, can, in short, do anything but pass the boundaries which shut them in for ever from the world beyond. Within these they live and die, and within these they are buried in the little cemetery attached to the asylum. It may at first seem hard that those who are restored to comparative sanity should still be condemned to the darkest and most terrible of all dooms—that of perpetual incarceration in a madhouse with the very worst class of maniacs, those whose homicidal frenzies no discipline can effectually check nor medical attendance entirely mitigate. Yet in reality this rule is a necessary even if a harsh one. There are several now in Broadmoor who years ago were only saved by accident from completing murder, and who afterwards passed two or three years in lunatic asylums. There in course of time the quiet, healthy life, freedom from mental anxiety, and careful medical treatment, at last succeeded in restoring them to apparent sanity, and they were set at liberty. But the mind which seemed sane in the quiet good order of a well-regulated asylum, and amid the more marked mental derangements with which it was surrounded, soon lost its feeble balance when returned again to struggle with all the nervous excitements of the world. Some such who have been once liberated are now at Broadmoor—committed to its never-ending confinement, not for having attempted, but this time for having completed, sometimes one, sometimes more murders under circumstances of peculiar cunning and premeditation. Some of these are still as bad as ever; some the quiet of the asylum and kindly care of Dr. Meyer have restored again to almost sanity for the second time. But the result will be the same in either case. Neither will ever more be trusted at liberty. A commitment to Broadmoor for murderous madness is as final as regards the chances of return to the world as death itself.

It is time, however, to speak of the interior of Broadmoor and its inmates,—of those whom a naturally defective mental organization has brought to its eternal seclusion, of those in whom morbid jealousy, morbid love of notoriety, or morbid vanity—for all these causes are sufficient to overturn the weak balance of ill-regulated minds,—has at last brought to hopeless insanity and detention. Broadmoor now contains nearly 500 inmates, about 400 men and fifty or sixty women. With a few rare exceptions, nearly all are homicides, and we are probably within the mark when we say that the victims of their united crimes would amount to nearly 1,000. Here one may occasionally see a female croquet party on the lawn, the players in which have been guilty in the aggregate of thirty murders; or, on the men's side, playing at bagatelle, a little group, with each of whose crimes all England at one time rung. Entering one of the large blocks devoted to the men, the visitor passes at once to the sitting, dining, and recreation rooms, which are all on the ground floor, the dormitories and infirmaries being above. In the sitting-room, which is nearly always full, the first thing which strikes him on entrance is, as a rule, the criminal type of all the faces. Any who have been in the habit of visiting our great convict prisons know what we mean by this expression. The low mental organization which one always finds associated with crime in the common run of criminals, the small head, narrow and receding forehead, and restless, furtive eyes, are at Broadmoor intensified, and in most cases accompanied with a weakly, undersized physical development. Small ill-formed heads, narrow stooping shoulders, weak limbs, and shuffling hesitating gait, are the rule among them. These are the occupants of a "block" of a hundred, and are what they always call themselves, "Her Majesty's pleasure people;" that is, people acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity, and sentenced to imprisonment during Her Majesty's pleasure. Some are reading, some are writing, some playing draughts, a few shambling to and fro in moody silence, like caged animals; while some sit staring with blank intensity upon the opposite wall, from which they never move their eyes. Here comes one who was, when at large, more dangerous to her Majesty than Oxford himself, hopelessly mad from a vain love of notoriety, which he thinks he has attained, as the grand strut with which he enters the room shows clearly enough. The once terrible Captain Johnston is here now, cured to a mild and inoffensive idiosyncrasy; and here, too, is Manganen, as really mad as when he killed poor Mr. Drummond. Here is a non-commissioned officer, whose murder of his wife and family some years ago shocked all England. His only anxiety now is about his good conduct medal. Here, too, are several of whom we have already alluded to as having been in asylums before for attempted murder, who have been discharged as cured, and having then perpetrated murder outright, have been committed to stay here for evermore. As a rule, these reading are the half-cured, and these seldom speak or are spoken to. Those writing so intently are generally preparing interminable memorials to the Home Secretary, or keeping the most insane of diaries to show the Commissioners in Lunacy as proofs of their cure and reasons for their discharge. The maddest of all are those who beset Dr. Meyer and the governors with endless argu-

ments on the necessity of their being set at liberty at once. "Mark me," says one most solemnly, "I hold you now responsible for my detention, for the jury themselves acquitted me." The same individual, as a reason for not going to church, said, "Why, you see, I cannot; the presence of a sane man among these lunatics always disturbs me. I have noticed myself, so for their sake I had better stay away." This man is rather dangerous and has committed murder. As a rule, however, all in this block are harmless, though the prefixes which come attached to their characters and dispositions are not at first sight calculated to convey this mild impression. Thus we find "P. M.—murdered his wife and two children; quiet, and very harmless. L. P.—murdered wife, sister and child; obedient, quiet, and perfectly inoffensive." A few who are sane during the great part of the year are subject to periodical returns of their dangerous maladies. But of the symptoms which precede these outbreaks Dr. Meyer is always a careful observer, and the patients are in good time removed to the "strong block," of which we shall have to speak presently.

All in this first ward, and in fact in all the wards, as far as it can be enforced, observe the same rules of early rising, at six o'clock in summer and seven o'clock in winter. Their diet is nourishing and abundant. The men who smoke are, under the doctor's orders, allowed tobacco in moderation. They are encouraged to amuse themselves with reading and bagatelle, and, in fact, everything is done to keep them quiet, which is about all that can be effected here. With a class so dangerously afflicted, of course, anything like regular work as a labour is out of the question. All, it is true, would very gladly work. It is, however, only a very small proportion that can be trusted with such implements as spades, knives, scissars, or even needles and thread. In the quiet wards the patients have blunted knives and forks, just enough to keep up appearances and enable them to cut and eat their vegetables. In the "strong block" the food is cut up and the inmates have only a smooth horn knife and spoon with which to feed themselves. Yet in some few cases the labours of the lunatics can be utilized. Under the eye of vigilant attendants, a few are trusted to work in the garden. There is a cobbler's shop, in which every one at work, save the superintendent, has killed one or more people. You can pass through a row of tailors, where all are quiet and busy, but where all have a history of crime—where the earnest-looking man in the midst, whose very spirit seems absorbed in the movements of his sewing-machine, is among the worst, and, if mad crime is to be taken as a proof of danger, the most dangerous of all. Outside are a small group of gardeners labouring with a minute labour of love upon the patch of ground committed to their care; and again you come upon a few painters, with Edward Oxford, now a fat, elderly man, at their head, all busy, and Oxford himself carefully graining a door in beautiful style. Oxford has now perfectly recovered his sanity, and is the most orderly, most useful, and most trusted of all the inmates of Broadmoor. A small pecuniary reward is given to those who labour well as an inducement to others to do likewise, and this money they are allowed to spend in any harmless way they please. Out of his small earnings Oxford has between £50 and £60 carefully saved.

BURGLARY WITH VIOLENCE.

GEORGE GRANT, aged twenty-eight, and Joseph Northgate, aged twenty-four, labourers, who refused their addresses, but who are stated to be well-known to the police at the East-end, were charged before Lord Dufferin, and other justices of the peace for Middlesex, with burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling-house of Mr. William Peter Bodkin, J.P., and stealing jewellery, money, a time-piece, wearing apparel, and other property. They were further charged with violently assaulting Police-constables Roffey, 503 S, and Clark, 433 S, in the execution of their duty, with intent to do them grievous bodily harm. It appeared that on the 15th instant, between the hours of three and four in the morning, two constables named Roffey and Clark went to visit the grounds of Mr. H. Bodkin, the Assistant-Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, to see if all was right. Hearing a noise proceeding from the house of Mr. Bodkin's son, they went quietly across the grass, and in a summer-house found a large quantity of property, and on going to the front of the dwelling-house they found all the windows in the parlour and the drawing-room open. Police-constable Roffey remained at the drawing-room window, and Police-constable Clark went to the front door and rang the bell, and immediately afterwards three men rushed out of the drawing-room window, armed, one with a poker, one with the tongs, and one with a fire-shovel. One of them said to the other, "Smash the door, there is only one." Police-constable Roffey knocked one down with his fist, but was immediately struck down by the man who had the fire-shovel, which was broken by the blow received by the police-constable across his left arm. The three men ran away across the lawn, followed by the police-constable, and after a severe struggle the two prisoners were secured and charged at Highgate station, the third man having escaped. It was then found that the other constable's hand was much injured. Both of them were rendered unfit for duty for some time. The premises were then examined by Inspector O'Loughlin, S division, and Inspector Fidge, A division, and it was discovered that the thieves had got into the house by getting into the kitchen garden, thence across the lawn, and then entered by pushing back the catch of the parlour windows. On the ground floor they could not get out of the rooms into any other part of the house, as the doors were secured by a mechanical contrivance of Mr. Bodkin. From inquiries afterwards made it was suspected that the prisoners had been engaged in another burglary, which had been committed at the house of Mr. Straney, 9, Holly-terrace, West-hill, Highgate. The thieves in that case went across some nursery grounds and entered the house by the kitchen window at the back. A cash-box, some plate, and other articles were stolen. On Inspectors O'Loughlin and Fidge, accompanied by Sergeant Aylett, of the S division, taking off the prisoners' shoes and comparing them with some footmarks in the garden, found them to correspond, as did also some marks on the cash-box with a jemmy. When the prisoners were searched, the police found on Northgate a roll of wax taper, a piece of rope, some lucifer matches, a pocket-knife, and is. 2½ in money, and on the other prisoner £1 11s. 9d. in silver, is. 1½d. in copper, a jemmy, a knife, a knotted piece of cord such as is used by professional burglars, and other articles. The prisoners have been identified by Mrs. Elsey, the landlady of the Fox-on-the-Hill, West-hill, Highgate, as having been at her house on the evening of the 15th last, with two men, who had with them a horse and cart. In answer to the bench, the police stated that they were much injured, and would not be fit for duty for some time. The prisoners said that at present they should decline to ask the witnesses any questions or to make any defence. The bench remanded them for a week, refusing bail, to enable the police to have time to make further inquiries.

DEATH OF A MIEN.—An old man, seventy years of age, named John Foster, and who had followed the occupation of bill-sticker in Woolwich, died suddenly at the Greenwich Union, whither he had been conveyed sick and destitute the night previously. During the last few years the deceased was apparently subject to the greatest poverty, and the room he occupied presented a wretched and dirty appearance. On Mr. Water, the relieving officer, removing some articles which had served the old man as a bed he found a parcel tied up in a handkerchief, and weighty, and on a closer inspection several packets of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, amounting to £60, were found sewed up in an old stocking.

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WORKING NECROPOLIS.

SOME twenty-odd miles from the metropolis, in a west-southerly direction, will be found a vast, wide-stretching tract of land—green, purple, and ablaze with the rich hues of heather and the golden gorse, and known popularly as Working Common. The finest common lands in the world are found around London, and this is among the finest. Looking at the map, with its "twenty mile radius" from the metropolis, and observing how every spot touching the circumference is built upon, bisected, or impinged on by roadways—by a township, or hamlet, or a portion of farmlands—the isolation of this particular spot is remarkable. By train from the Waterloo Station, or by "special" train belonging expressly to the Necropolis Company, which starts from the Westminster-road, the intervening and picturesque distance is speedily traversed, and the train enters into enclosed grounds, and which has an air of elevation and altitude—with such an expanse of sky overhead—such a rich atmospheric purity—such vivifying and refreshing breezes blowing over the whole expanse—it is not often the privilege of the Londoner to experience. It is a positive enjoyment to breathe that air, laden with its rich, fresh, heathery perfume. It is delicious to inhale that odorous, delightfully pungent earthy aroma; and the first, last, and only impression upon the mind immediately is, that nowhere within reach of the capital could so fitting and so fine a space have been selected for the performance of the last grateful and tender offices which are due to the departed.

One is arrested by the appropriate silence, solitude, and space belonging to it as by a natural prerogative, as by prescriptive right. We were struck by a simplicity of detail, as well as a harmony of arrangement, that merge into something little short of the sublime, when the cause and the effect are found to blend together—when the mute appeals of the tranquil sleepers are found to reach the heart, and the tenderer emotions, thus awakened, are felt to respond to them. What is regarded at times with horror, not unmixed with loathing—if we recur to the past conditions of intra-mural burial—becomes, with such exterior influences, a genial monition. A sensation of a truly religious cast, far loftier even than that formed by words, canons, or liturgy, is awakened and aroused.

One wanders among the cultivated portions of the grounds on the several seasons, among beds of fuchsias, calceolarias, dahlias, geraniums, shrubs and plants, laurels and myrtles, cypress and drooping willow, which have thriven there with the happiest success, dazzled by the floral splendours of both divisions, which are as centres to the whole. The most exacting observer must admit that they do the highest credit to the taste and industry having charge over them. The landscape is unusually effective in its breadth and extent, as it is beautiful in its undulations and richness of verdure. The far-off woodlands are like a glimpse of that found in "Rubeus' Chateau," which is one of the glories of the National Gallery. The hills fringing the distance, and forming the horizon, with their perspective, their inequality, their rich and vivid green, having so many shades, refresh and gladden the eye.

The pretty station, with its waiting-rooms for the "quick" as well as the dead, where the one can refresh and the other wait a while, attracts attention first.

Standing on a slight elevation, crowned by a little rustic church, whose open porches show very attractive prospects, and whose style is as primitive as pretty, the eye wanders round the extreme space of the Necropolis—a space so extensive, however, that its boundary is very often lost. Northward and westward lie the ridges of the Chobham and the Finsley hills. Southward is the Black Hill range, and immediately below are the church tower, trees, farmsteads, and gables of the village of South Finsbury, to which a road leading from somewhere across the lazy windings of Godalming Canal tends, and divides the grounds of the Necropolis into two parts. Eastward and southward these are lost in the distance; but still beyond is seen a green lofty ridge called the Hog's Back, crowned by the ruins of St. Martha's Chapel, beneath and beyond which nestles Dorking, famed for picturesque rusticity. Northward lies the line of railway, the winding canal passing by grassy meads, or meandering among drooping willows and beneath hanging woods. The Common then merges into Bagshot Heath, and then is seen no more.

The ground is of a trapezoidal form, and divides the larger consecrated from the smaller unconsecrated portion. The stations, and the little churches, girdled by their gay and blooming parterres, belonging to these divisions respectively, are facsimiles of each other, and are exceedingly picturesque and attractive.

Four hundred acres, having perfect ease of access—planted, cultivated, and lying in a position "singularly retired"—offer to the teeming population of this great city the opportunity of doing a real homage to departed friends and relatives which the common sense of the age is not slow to appreciate and adopt.

Have you not all been shocked—has not the stoutest soul shrank shuddering from the aspect of death, because of its foul and noisome associations with the pauper's graveyard, or the city charnel? This demoralizing, this unchristian and inhuman state of things, must have tainted us to the core, more or less, and so far accustomed us to the filthy dishonours of burial in the midst of cities, that the last sublime and startling exodus we know of in this life—the solemnity of death itself—has become merely a sickening horror, and those we have laid down lovingly we have quitted with loathing, because of the unutterable corruption that rose in pestilent miasma, filling the air with taint and plague.

From the pestilence-breeding graveyards of London and its vicinity, therefore, the change to space, breathing-room, open air—a girde of vivid verdure and green hills, instead of grim grating, sordid walls, and dingy brick—becomes something grateful, and takes upon it even the aspect of the beautiful.

The Necropolis of Working fields, thus, all the conditions of the bringing a most desirable state of things to pass. There you may lie under the dew and stars—under the soft-falling rain and the murmuring winds—and the elements will make a melody whose Eolian tones are ever appealing to us, bearing with them well-remembered voices. There the living can contemplate the very spot where he also may lie, and do so with a complacency devoid of the vague fear which haunts us all in common, because there is nothing to shock, to offend, or to pain in any degree whatever.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—An unexpected debut in the dramatic world took place three evenings back at the theatre of Dol (Ille-et-Vilaine). The drama of "Lezard le Père" was to be performed, and had just commenced, when the actor charged to fill the principal part was seized with a sudden indisposition. The director was under the necessity of announcing that the performance could not be continued, when a commercial traveller, who was in the pit, stepped forward and offered to replace the actor. The director at first hesitated to accept the proposal, fearing that it might be only a joke. He, however, at length consented, and the amateur performer acquitted himself so well of his task that he brought down rounds of applause, and at the close was carried in triumph back to his hotel.—*Galignani.*

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CHINESE SKETCHES.

A MANDARIN PROCEEDING TO PAY A CEREMONIAL VISIT.

In China, as in Paris, the Emperor sets the fashion. The celestial potentate, according to Lord Macartney, travels in a sedan chair. The ambassador had the honour of overtaking the imperial equipage on one occasion, and thus describes it:—

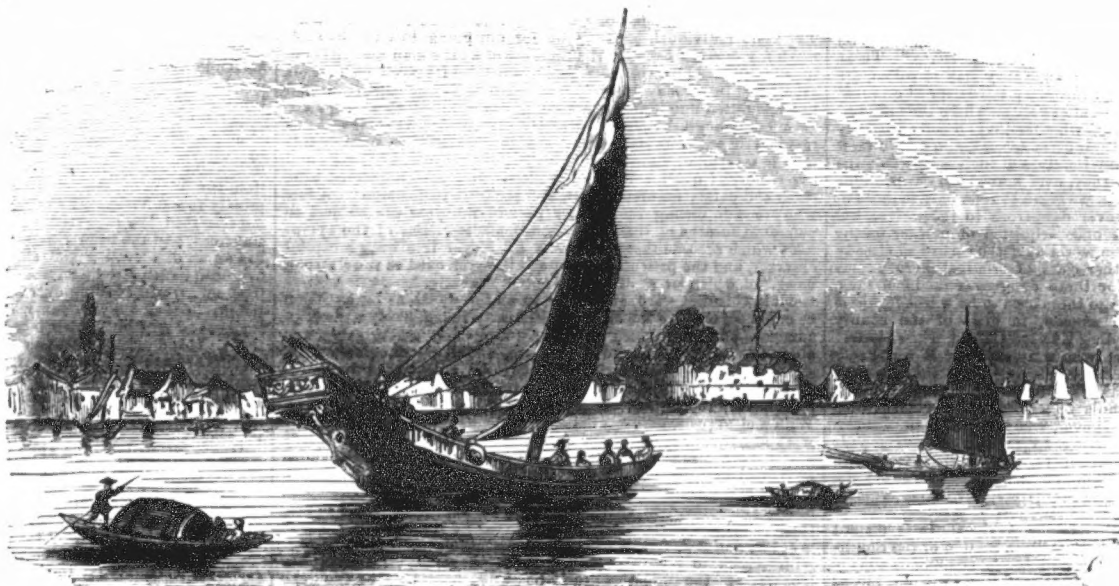
"Various squadrons of horse, with bowmen and their quivers, preceded the Emperor's approach. Soon after, a palanquin or sedan chair appeared, covered with bright yellow cloth, and adorned with windows of plate glass. It was carried by eight bearers, while eight others walked close to them in readiness to relieve the former. The chair was attended by a troop of horse in yellow uniforms, also by pikemen, standard and shield bearers."

As the Emperor, so the mandarins; but with a difference, of course. The state sedans of the latter have never more than four bearers, four others being in attendance to relieve them. The chairs, which in their general appearance are not unlike a pagoda bird-cage, are carried much in the same way as was borne the more barbarous sedan of English society in the last century. A bamboo pole is run through brackets at each side of the vehicle; and the chairmen carry it, not so much by bearing the ends of the poles in their hands, as by a cord which passes over their shoulders, like a yoke, from one pole to the other. The sedan is usually very richly ornamented.

According to Eastern usage, the progress of the mandarin is not accomplished without great noise and ostentation. A crowd of yellow "retainers" lead the procession, some shouting the virtues of their master into the dull and vulgar ear, others impressing his importance on the rabble by rattling bamboo-sticks about the heads of those who dare to approach the great man's path too nearly. An important member of the cortege carries a richly-illuminated scroll, on which is inscribed the name, rank, &c., of the mandarin, his master. This scroll, which so far represents the visiting card of Western life, is so far superior to it that it also contains the purport of the visit. This the bearer delivers to the person visited; and is received with more or less respect according to the relative rank of the parties. The host comes to the gate, or the visitor is borne in without further ceremony. And this is the way in which great men visit in China.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CANGUE.

On one account, at least, the Chinese have little reason to twit the outer world with its barbarity. The punishments permitted by their laws, or authorised by usage and the mandarins, are the most exquisitely cruel in all the known universe. To be fried in a cage, day after day, under a sun of which we have scarcely a conception, even in the dog-days—to be leisurely skinned alive—to be disembowelled—to be starved during a series of daily decreasing rations—to have their flesh carved from their bones in little pieces—is the common lot of the malefactor and the rebellious. The



SKETCHES IN CHINA.—THE DUTCH FOLLY FORT, CANTON.

cangue, or toka, is an instrument of torture which exhibits the invention of the people in a rather strong light. Without the excitement of religious enthusiasm, they have accomplished a tormenting-machine which only the inquisitors of old could have surpassed. The cangue is a heavy wooden frame, divided into two parts, but connected at one side by a hinge, and (when shut up) fastened on the other side by a screw or bolt. In the centre of this frame is a hole—i.e., a semicircular piece is cut out of the internal sides of each portion of the machine, so that when closed a circular aperture appears. In this aperture the neck of the culprit is enclosed, so that it forms as it were a huge collar: and when his hands are caught up in two smaller holes, one at each side of the larger one, his misery is complete. The fastening of the machine is sealed by the committing mandarin, a paper containing the record of the poor wretch's crime is posted on the frame, and he is sent forth to wander.

Or, rather, he is sent forth at the end of a chain, to be trailed by an official into some public place—there to stand, only too happy if there be a good comfortable wall to recline against till night comes, and he is led back to gaol. The horror of the punishment consists in this:—that the cangue weighs from sixty to 200 pounds; and it is sometimes never taken from the culprit's neck for six months. It is commonly worn for several weeks.

Our other two sketches represent the Dutch Folly, and a view near the European factories at Canton.

An extraordinary escape from prison has just been made at Toulon, by a seaman in the French navy, named Cornieto. He made a hole through a wall more than 4ft. thick, broke open two doors, plundered the clothes store of the establishment, and then scaling a wall 20ft. high got clear away.

THE FEDERAL ATTACK AND REPULSE AT WILMINGTON.

The joint naval and military expedition against Wilmington has been temporarily, if not finally, abandoned. The point of attack was a series of works commanding the eastern inlet to Cape Fear River, about twenty miles below Wilmington. These are situated on the southern extremity of a narrow strip of land, the eastern side of which is open to the Atlantic, and, therefore, to the operations of the Federal fleet and army. The principal fortification—Fort Fisher—is described as a "concentrated earthwork," of great power, mounting thirty-six heavy guns, some of them rifled, and having a range of more than three miles. This fort was the key of the position, and was the object of the Federal bombardment, as shown in the illustration in page 504. The armament which made the attack was extremely formidable. It consisted, according to the various accounts of the Federal press, of from fifty to eighty ships, carrying from 600 to 700

guns, some of them of the largest calibre; and two divisions of the Federal army, under General Butler, accompanied the fleet. It is said that at least 200 guns could be brought to bear at one time upon the fort. If this be an accurate account, the complete failure of so extraordinary a force to make any considerable impression upon an earthwork, however powerful, will be one of the most remarkable incidents of the war. The attack was opened on the day before Christmas Day by a novel expedient. A ship, containing between 200 and 300 tons of gunpowder, was run on shore under the walls of the fort, and was there exploded. The effects anticipated from this explosion may be estimated from the fact that the whole amount of powder which produced the late terrible explosion at Erith was but fifty-five tons. It is said, indeed, that the idea was partly suggested by the account of that event. When we remember the tremendous effect then produced, and in particular the destruction of the river wall, it is extraordinary to hear what little effect was produced upon the works.

Admiral Porter formed his fleet into a line of battle at daybreak, and poured a tremendous fire upon the fort for the whole day, inflicting no perceptible damage. He continued the attack on Sunday (Christmas Day), while the co-operating force of Butler, under General Weitzel, was landed above the fort. A reconnaissance of the rear of the works was made during the night, and from the knowledge gained, Butler and Weitzel decided that it was impregnable except by protracted siege operations, which were impracticable, owing to the difficulty of landing the troops in the high sea prevailing, and to the rapid approach of a heavy Confederate force from Wilmington. The troops were consequently re-embarked, and have returned to Fortress Monroe.

Richmond papers publish the following despatch from General Bagg to President Davis:—



THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CANGUE, IN CHINA.



SKETCHES IN CHINA.—VIEW NEAR THE EUROPEAN FACTORIES, CANTON. (See page 500.)

Washington, Dec. 30, 1864.

"The Federal fire against Fort Fisher on the first day continued five hours; on the second day seven hours. Over 20,000 shots were fired. The Confederates replied with 660 shots the first day, and 600 the second. Two guns in the fort burst, two were dismantled by ourselves, and two by the Federal fire. The fort is unhurt. Part of the negro troops were swept off the peninsula in a gale. (Signed) "BRAXTON BRAGG."

A GALLANT EXPLOIT.

A LETTER from Portsmouth of Sunday last has the following:—"During the whole of Friday night and the greater part of Saturday, the Isle of Wight, Spithead, and the adjacent country and the Channel were swept by the most violent hurricane that has been experienced in this part for some considerable time. The wind during this time ranged between S.S.W. and about W. by N., and in the squalls, which passed over with remarkable suddenness and rapidity, the sea wherever in view was 'feather-white,' as seamen say, with the crests of the foaming waves blown away in misty sea-drift to leeward. On Saturday morning two barks were observed from Portsmouth ramparts anchored in a not very safe position, about eleven or twelve miles E.S.E. of the harbour, as near as could be distinguished between the Deantail buoy and the Bullock shoal buoy. It was impossible, however, owing to the state of the weather, to hold any communication with them, nor even with the contractors' staging for the erection of the fort foundations on the Noman Shoal, where some thirty men were known to be, without food for the day. These, however, proved to be minor matters, no life being in immediate apparent danger; but about eleven a.m. messengers arrived in Portsmouth from Fort Cumberland and the Coastguard at the entrance to Langston Harbour requesting immediate assistance for a schooner which had gone ashore on the

dangerous shingle banks at the entrance to Langston Harbour known as the 'Woolstenors.' The Comet, Government steaming tug, with a lifeboat in tow, in charge of a Government Trinity pilot (W. Main), was sent out to afford assistance, but she could only approach within some 5,000 yards of the wrecked vessel, which could be seen, with her crew in the rigging (her hull just below water and her masts standing), in the very midst of the seething breakers, which rose in high sheets of white foam over the hard sand and shingle of the 'East Winner,' as marked in the Admiralty charts, and forming a portion of the shoals referred to as the Woolstenors. No boat, excepting a lifeboat, specially built for service in gales of wind on shallow waters, could possibly have floated over the shallows intervening between the Comet and the stranded schooner, and the steamer had to return to Portsmouth harbour, and leave the men in the schooner's rigging to their fate. There was no possible help for this. The steamer herself could not approach the wreck any nearer, owing to the shallowness of the water, and the lifeboat she had brought with her could not have lived to reach the wreck through the sea then running over the shoals. The crew of a stranded vessel clinging to her rigging, and in danger of being swept to eternity every moment by the seas which continually broke over them, were thus reluctantly abandoned to their fate, and all the resources of Portsmouth dockyard were unable to render them any assistance. Fortunately, however, Fort Cumberland, the headquarters of the Royal Marine Artillery, stands at the entrance of the harbour of Langston, and from this fort the schooner had been watched from the time she first approached the dangerous shoals, and on her striking a resolve was made to attempt the rescue of her crew. A large ten-cared cutter is kept at the fort for the purpose of fixing the targets on the shoals out seaward for practice from the guns at the fort. The schooner, afterwards found to be the Ocean, of Plymouth, with pottery clay, from Charleston (Cornwall), for Sunderland, was driven in shore and embayed by

the force of the wind and heavy seas, and in attempting to tack when close in upon the shoals, at about half-past ten on Saturday morning, her heel caught the outer edge of the shoal and caused her to miss stays. The crew let go both anchors immediately, but the vessel bumped heavily on the shoal and filled, and the crew were driven to the rigging for safety. At first five figures could be seen in the rigging, but soon afterwards only three could be made out, and these it was evident must be rescued soon if their lives were to be saved. The cutter belonging to the fort was therefore under the directions and personal superintendence of Major Festin, R.M.A., taken across the entrance of Langston harbour to the Hayling Island shore, and was there manned by the island fishermen (volunteers). The boat was launched as quickly as possible, Major Festin taking the helm, and after waiting some little time to allow the ebb tide to run out its greatest strength, the boat's head was laid for the schooner, and the men bent lustily to their oars. It was a matter of life or death to all those in the boat, as it was to the expectant men in the unfortunate schooner's rigging; and when the boat got at length fairly in among the breakers and close to the schooner, a minute, or may be longer, passed, during which the watchers on shore thought all had gone together—the boat, vessel, and their crews—all being hid in the blinding grey whirl that sprang up from the broken water. Immediately afterwards, however, the cutter with her gallant crew was seen leaving the wreck, and in a few minutes more she was high and dry on Hayling Island beach, with the master, mate, and one man, part of the schooner's crew, safe on board. The remainder of the crew, one man and a boy, were washed overboard and drowned before help could reach them."

A NEW MONARCH.—The following paragraph is now going the round of the Paris journals:—"Captain Neuradowski, a Pole formerly in the Prussian service, has been elected king by a tribe of Kafirs."



A MANDARIN PROCEEDING TO PAY A VISIT OF CEREMONY. (See page 500.)

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D. D.		A. M.	P. M.
21	Sun rises, 7h. 56m.; sets, 4h. 27m.	7 48	8 19
22	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	8 56	9 34
23	Royal Exchange opened, 1851	10 10	10 48
24	India Mutiny commenced, 1857	11 27	—
25	Princess Royal married, 1858	0 2	0 82
26	Sunday Schools established, 1784	1 0	1 24
27	Greece declared independent, 1822	1 47	3 10

Moon's Changes.—New Moon, 27th, 9h. 3m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Isaiah 55; Matt. 20. Isaiah 56; 1. Cor. 4.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETOLD'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313, Strand.

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

JAMES.—Epianets originated in the time of Louis XIV., from the riband by which the sword-belt was kept fast on the shoulder.

N. T. A.—Shiridan Knowles's play of "Love" was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre November 4 1839.

FRESHOLD.—By the Reform Bill of 1832, the number of members was 100 for England 48 for Scotland, and 106 for Ireland.

E. B.—The term melodrama is applied to those pieces where action is accompanied by music.

T. W. THUMB.—The once celebrated dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, was three feet nine inches high; but the Polish Count Browinski was only two feet four inches.

ONIC.—Edmund Kean played Osmond in "The Castle Spectre" at Drury Lane Theatre. The occasion was for the benefit of Mr. Russell, the stage manager, and the exact date was Saturday, March 30, 1822.

M. T.—Madame Pasta made her last appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre July 11, 1850, in the character of Aina Boana.

CORRUPT.—Tontines are loans given for life annuities with benefit of survivorship, so called from the inventor, Laurence Tonti, a Neapolitan.

B. O.—The song of "We ma. be happy yet" was composed by Balfe, and was originally sung in the opera of "The Daughter of St. Mark," produced at Drury Lane in 1844.

BRIDEGROOM.—The celebration of marriage in churches was first ordained by Pope Innocent III. about the year 1200.

ALFARDO.—Mr. W. T. Morcroft, the well-known dramatic writer, died in the Charter House, aged sixty-three, December 8, 1857.

M. R.—The reduction of the duty on newspapers took place September 16, 1836.

O. S. M.—You have excellent grounds whereon to petition the Divorce Court. Send us your address and we will recommend you a solicitor.

CORNET.—A commission in a hussar regiment, with the necessary equipment, would cost not much less than £1,000.

COSMO.—Mr. James Anderson was born at Glasgow in May, 1811. He made his first appearance before a London audience at Covent Garden Theatre September 30 1837, as Florizel in "The Winter's Tale."

REVAL.—We believe not. William Dewell, for a ape on S ran Giffin in a barn. A actor was hung at Newgate, taken to Sur ceau's Hall to be dissected, came to him again, and was returned again to Newgate the same evening. This case on Bember 6th, 1740. The following February he was sentenced to be transported for life.

ACROBAT.—Sam Scott, the diver, hung himself, accidentally on Waterloo-bridge January 11, 1844. He was a native of America, and twenty-seven years of age.

EV. GREEN.—April will be found the best time for thinning laurels.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

If it were known that in the course of the next few months three or four of the seats on the common law bench, a brace of the highest legal prizes in India, and ten or a dozen county court judgeships were to be vacated and filled up, we should have a wild flutter of excitement in Westminster Hall and the Inns of Court. If half a dozen bishoprics, with twice that number of the minor good things of the Church, were to be disposed of, there would not be a less degree of anxious anticipation in the Church. A feeling something like that which would prevail in these two professions, under the circumstances we have supposed, is actually occasioned now and then in one important profession—the army. Among the reforms in our military system, adopted some ten years ago, was a rule providing that staff appointments should be held for five years only. The object was to abolish a state of things which had disadvantageously prevailed during the long peace, under which the same knot of individuals had filled some of the more important posts in our military administration for many years, and continued to hold them until they had become rusty and unfit for the work. The new rule provided for a constant infusion of new blood, and one of the wholesome results it was intended to bring about was that a large number of the officers of the army might gain an experience in the staff which would be of use to them and to the country, should they be called upon to undertake similarly responsible duties in the field. The fulfilment of this rule happens this year to vacate most of the principal military posts to which the senior officers of the army aspire. The list, indeed, includes the great majority of the good things open to the profession. The command-in-chief in India, by far the most lucrative prize, and inferior to none in point of responsibility, becomes vacant; also the chief command in the Bombay Presidency, and not less than four or five of the divisional commands, which are as remunerative as Indian judgeships. At home we find a clearing out of the head-quarters staff scarcely less complete than that of a Ministry ejected from office by a vote of censure. The rule has been held not to apply to the officer who may be commanding in chief, and he, with his military secretary and personal staff, remain untouched by it. But the adjutant-general and his deputy retire, so do the quartermaster-general and his deputy, together with other officials of minor station. The quartermaster-general has been nearly double his allotted time in office, for some reason we know not of; and one of the deputy adjutant-generals has held his place for about eight years, also upon inexplicable grounds. But it is announced that the former is at last to leave, and though not announced it must be in season and

justice assumed that the latter will also make way for a successor, if, indeed, it should turn out that there is any occasion for continuing the place at all. The inspector-general of cavalry retires. The commands of the northern, western, and south-western districts all fall vacant. The Aldershot command and all the infantry brigades in that camp of instruction are also vacated. In Ireland the command of the troops, the Dublin and Cork districts, with one or two other staff appointments, have to be filled up. In the colonies, the chief command in Canada, the military post of governor of Gibraltar, and the command in Ceylon, will be transferred to other hands. From this formidable list it may be seen that there must exist a very considerable amount of excitement among the members of the military profession, which supplies the candidates for these appointments. There is naturally great interest manifested by those who, being outside the army, can have no personal object in the matter, but who look with anxiety, on public grounds, to the way in which the authorities are likely to distribute posts having such an important influence upon the efficiency of the army, and upon the proper filling of which the public interests may be affected, no one can say to how vital an extent. We believe that, so far as the arrangements are known, they have given satisfaction. For most of the vacancies, men of undoubted and well-tryed ability have been chosen, and it cannot be said of one of them that nepotism has been at the bottom of the selection. There is scarcely an appointment abroad which may prove of greater consequence than the Canada command; and the officer who is to fill it, Sir John Michel, has earned the thorough respect and confidence of the army by the manner in which he has discharged responsible duties under trying circumstances, at the Cape, in India, and in China successively. To the chief India command it is understood that Sir William Mansfield succeeds. He is a politician as well as a soldier, and has sought to school himself in statesmanship as well as in more purely military duties. That he has unaccountably violated the law in the case of the Mhow court-martial is unfortunately a matter of record. But as on that occasion his general high reputation saved him from official censure, so it would be unfortunate now if the recollection of this one error were to deprive him of an advancement to a post for which he possesses rare fitness. A gallant and very able soldier of the old Indian army, Sir Robert Napier, is understood to be designated for the Bombay command, while it is believed that Sir Hugh Rose, who is on the eve of retirement from the highest military post in India, in which he has left many enduring monuments of his wisdom and vigour, will take the command of the troops in Ireland. Lord William Paulet, whose administrative capacity is said to have been well proved during the Crimean war, and who was before known as an excellent regimental officer, will now have an opportunity of exhibiting these good qualities in the important post of adjutant-general; while another favourite general, Sir Hope Grant, is likely to become quartermaster-general, with Colonel Wetherall, one of the most accomplished officers of the army, as his deputy.

Even the ravages of the tempest which has just swept over this island cannot eclipse the horrors of the catastrophe reported from Edinburgh. A conflagration is always an appalling event, but in this instance the disaster was signalized by an accumulation of calamities almost without precedent. A popular performance had been announced for the evening at the Theatre Royal, and workmen were engaged in the usual preparations, when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the scenery caught fire. It providentially happened that the occurrence was observed and the alarm instantly given; otherwise, so furious and rapid were the flames that probably not a creature in the building would have escaped with life. The attendant charged with the management of the gas had just been lighting the lamps arranged for the illumination of the stage, when he saw the drapery at the top of the scene-shifts burst into a blaze. So instantaneous was the spread of the fire that he could not tear the piece down at once, but hastily called to his aid the carpenter and the fireman. These men began at once to cut away the scenes and borders, but the flames were too quick for them, and they tried the engine. Before the engine, however, could be brought into play the smoke had accumulated in volumes so dense that the fireman was overpowered by the vapour and dropped down at his post. The others ran to his rescue, and the few minutes thus gained by the fire sufficed to complete its mastery. Although, therefore, the very first spark of the conflagration had been observed, and although the very officers whose presence was most valuable were on the spot to extinguish it, the fire could not be checked, and it seems that scarcely ten minutes elapsed before all the people in the building were running for their lives. They did, however, escape into the street, though with great difficulty; but we cannot quit this first stage of the catastrophe without asking the reader to imagine what the results might have been if the fire had broken out an hour or two later, when the audience had assembled and the theatre was full. It was the first juvenile night of the Christmas pantomime, and every box seat in the house had been taken. Nor was it all unlikely that the accident should occur, for we are told that these very portions of the scenery had before caught fire on more than one occasion, and that at least one officer had declined to accept the insurance of the theatre on the ground of the danger thus threatened. We have seen that even the officials connected with the establishment, though thoroughly acquainted with the premises and unimpeded by any crowd or pressure, barely succeeded in saving their lives. What, then, would have been the fate of the hundreds of women and children pent up inextricably in that roaring furnace? It would have been Santiago outdone.

THE Gazette des Etrangers says:—"A melancholy affliction has just fallen suddenly on M. Louis Boyer, a dramatic author, who was for a time director of the Vaudeville. He was in bed, when his son entered his room and said, 'Are you not going, father, to get up to-day?' 'For what purpose?' was the reply, 'It is not yet daylight!' It was then ten in the morning. During the night M. Boyer had become blind."

MR. VAUGHAN, the head steward of the royal mail steamer Africa, which arrived at Liverpool on Monday, was drowned at sea on the morning of the 7th inst. The deceased was on the fore-castle about 10.30 a.m. when a heavy sea struck the vessel on the port bow, and causing her to lurch heavily Mr. Vaughan was knocked overboard, and though a boat was lowered immediately, the unfortunate man could not be reached in time to save his life.

THE BROMPTON ORATORY.

COLONEL BROCKMAN with another gentleman, on Monday afternoon, waited upon Mr. S. J. at the Westminster Police-court, and stating that he was much interested on behalf of Mrs. M'Dermot, requested the worthy magistrate to give publicity to a statement, which he had prepared in writing, in vindication of her character.

Mr. Selfe said he must decline to entertain the matter any further, but suggested that he might hand the statement to the press.

It was as follows:—

"Protestant Electoral Union, 11, Abingdon-street,
Westminster, Jan. 16, 1865.

"Sir,—As it appears that you do not deem it expedient to take further cognisance of Mrs. M'Dermot, and as the public are not only impatient to receive authentic information, but can scarcely be expected to suspend and renew their attention through the tedious process of any legal proceedings that it may be found practical to adopt, I have to solicit your attention to the following details, in reply to the letter of Mr. J. B. Dalglairns, availing myself for that purpose of the same channel that he has adopted.

"That the widow M'Dermot is a person of irreproachable character, I and those associated with me have fully satisfied ourselves. A person who has lived in Camera place, Chelsea, eight years, and known Mrs. M'Dermot during the whole time she has lived there, will testify that she never saw anything in her conduct that was inconsistent with her being sober, hardworking, and moral, kindly to her neighbours, affectionate to her children, and careful of their health and comfort to the utmost extent of her means.

"The landlord of the house in which she lived (Mr. Cox) and also his wife, both living near her, speak with the strongest feelings of respect and regard for her.

"The best evidence of which are that both before and since the occurrence referred to by Mr. Dalglairns they not only forbore to insist upon the rent of their house being paid, but on frequent occasions have lent and given her money, and have continued up to the present day to give her employment as a needlewoman at their own home.

"This person is a respectable builder and bricklayer, and the father of eleven children, and of those, four daughters, who are married, have the same feeling of regard and respect for Mrs. M'Dermot, and occasionally employ her.

"The landlady of the house in which she now lodges, also a person of much respectability and intelligence, speaks of her in the same terms, and such is the character she brought with her.

"With respect to the girl Eliza, the landlady states that she was most amiable and well-conducted girl, and cannot believe that she has ever misconducted herself. Her opportunities of observing her conduct and disposition have been constant for more than six months past, and she feels convinced that the girl is under evil influences. One fact, indeed, she mentioned which made an unfavourable impression with reference to Father Charles Bowden, but, that being only inferential, I will not mention it unless required by Mr. Bowden to do so. On this point, however, it is right to state that the eldest boy of Mrs. M'Dermot, upwards of thirteen years of age, sharp and intelligent, states that for above a month past he has been frequently sent by his sister with long letters to Father Charles Bowden; that he has generally brought back letters from him to her, and also money, sometimes a sovereign; also verbal messages, with directions not to tell his mother, and he has not done so. As we have further information with respect to this correspondence, Mr. Bowden may, perhaps, deem it incumbent on him as a priest to produce all the letters received by him from Eliza M'Dermot, and as to his letters to her, may communicate so much of their contents as may confirm if he can, Mr. Dalglairns's statement that the mother and not the daughter was the object of his bounty. The mother never received one penny from him, and Mr. Dalglairns ought to have told the whole truth.

"I need not at present enter into more details than to state that Dr. Walter Shepherd, who has already written a testimonial on behalf of Mrs. M'Dermot, says with reference to the supposed condition of the children, at or about the time of their being taken to the workhouse, that he attended them for rings, and that nothing could be further from the truth than the statement of their condition as given in the newspaper quoted by Mr. Dalglairns—a newspaper which we are informed, so long as it remained in circulation, was the organ of the Oratory; but for this gentleman, and his care and generous sympathies during the five or six years he has known and attended her, it is quite certain that she would not now be in existence.

"With reference to the taking the children to the workhouse, and the subsequent committal of Mrs. M'Dermot for seven days to the House of Correction, there seems to be no doubt of the following facts:—

"That a police inspector named Terkion, who, as we are informed, is a Roman Catholic, entered the house by the aid of a Roman Catholic neighbour about four o'clock on the Sunday morning with other policemen; that there was no sufficient reason for this procedure, and that it can only be accounted for as a means of obtaining possession of the children and degrading the mother; and that this last was a part of a scheme appears from the statement of Mrs. Cox, who being applied to by Inspector Terkion, told him that Mrs. M'Dermot was what she now describes her to be, and yet the magistrate was informed, it is alleged, by this same man that she was a drunken, bad character. Upon this false statement, not even made in the hearing of the accused, she was arrested and committed to imprisonment with hard labour. In respect to what Mr. Dalglairns insinuates as to 'where she was found,' the only fact that could by any possibility justify this insinuation is that the person for whom she was working, though being in a respectable conducted house, was not a married woman, a fact not known to Mrs. M'Dermot at the time.

"With reference to the suggestion in my last letter, which appeared in the papers, as to the Oratory priest's attempt to consign Mrs. M'Dermot to a lunatic asylum, and thus to obtain possession of the children, and get rid of the mother, we have full reliance upon the evidence we have received that one of those 'fathers' made a proposal to the eldest son, having first obtained from him a pledge of secrecy to assist him in that attempt. The young man, though at the time supposed to be a 'good Catholic,' resented, and rejected the proposal, as also a subsequent offer of money to secure his silence.

"There are other facts in this painful case which I reserve for another occasion; the present inquiry is leading to other important discoveries.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

A. S. Selfe, Esq.

H. J. BROCKMAN.

"P.S.—Mr. Dalglairns may think lightly of the 'mother sorrowing for her child,' but inasmuch as we may accept the opinion of Dr. Shepherd, the surgeon, her present and most deplorable state is attributable to grief and excitement. The statement above made is that of a person who, in her own words, believes she is dying.

H. J. B.

Colonel Brockman then left the court, but in a short time returned, and requested a note to be handed to the magistrate, which ran as follows:—

"We have just received a communication that Mrs. M'Dermot is sinking (dying), as the surgeon says, in consequence of excitement and grief.

J. H. ELIOTT.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BROCKMAN."

FEARFUL SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE

On Saturday night at Liverpool the wind blew a heavy gale, and the River Mersey was very rough. At noon the blockade-runner Lella, which only made her trial trip a few days ago, left the Mersey on a voyage to Nassau. She was, we believe, commanded by Captain Skinner, and had a crew of about thirty hands. She was built by Messrs Miller, of Liverpool, and her engines were by Messrs Fawcett, Preston, and Co. She was of 1,100 tons burden, and of very light draught, and was probably the finest blockade-runner that has left this port. She appears to have proceeded safely until she arrived in the vicinity of the North-West Lightship, when a heavy sea struck her, and, probably owing to her necessarily slight build, she sprang a leak and almost immediately foundered.

The news of this melancholy disaster was brought to Liverpool shortly before noon by Captain Perry, of the steam-tug Blazer, which, while passing the lightship early in the morning, was hailed by the master to take the twelve men off the lightship, but was unable to do so in consequence of the heavy sea. The captain, however, made all haste to the Prince's landing-stage, and communicated with Captain Thorpe. The No. 1 Liverpool lifeboat was at once launched, manned by eleven men, and proceeded in tow of the Blazer for the purpose of bringing off the men of the lost ship. All went right until they were halfway between the Fairway buoy and the lightship, when a heavy sea struck the lifeboat and capsized it. The eleven men were instantly thrown into the water. The tug reversed engines, threw out ropes to the drowning men, and succeeded in rescuing four of them, including the master. Two of the poor fellows seized ropes and were drawn to the side of the tug, but were so exhausted that they let go their hold and sank; the others were swept away and also lost. Those saved are Thomas Hudson, master; G. Thomas, H. Hamill, and Henry Collins, of the crew. Those lost are R. Clark, B. Murphy, H. Green, John Hanson, James and Peter Martindale, and Miller.

After this dreadful accident the tug proceeded to the lightship, but the sea was still so rough that she could not approach with safety, and, after lying by her for over an hour, she gave up the attempt, and returned to the Prince's stage with her melancholy tale.

On Monday morning, shortly after seven o'clock, the steam-tug Royal Arch, Captain Davis, left the river for the purpose of proceeding to the North-west Light Ship, to take off the survivors. When within four miles of the light ship, however, Captain Davis spoke a tug which was steaming to Liverpool, and which turned out to be the Slasher, belonging to the Old Tug Company. From her captain he learned that the whole of the survivors of the Lella were on board that steamer, and various inquiries were made by the party on board of the Royal Arch as to the fate of many of their friends. Among the gentlemen who left the river in the last-mentioned tug were Mr. H. and Mr. E. Miller, sons of Mr. Thomas Miller, by whom the Lella was built, Mr. M. Keverling, timber merchant, who is related to that family by marriage, and Captain Duguid, also a relative of the Miller family. After several inquiries were made, Captain Duguid asked the captain of the Slasher if Mr. Miller and the pilot were on board, and on being replied in the negative, he asked if anything had been heard of them. The only answer he received was by one of the survivors of the wreck significantly pointing his hands in the direction of the waves, which motion carried with it desolation to the hearts of the four gentlemen already particularised. After some little difficulty the Royal Arch went alongside the Slasher, and received the whole of the crew who had been saved from the Lella, twelve in number. They are universal in their approbation of Mr. Miller's conduct, which throughout was heroic in the extreme. One of the survivors, with much emotion, said he would have sacrificed his own life to have saved that gentleman or Captain Skinner, for, according to his own words, "he could be better spared than either of them." Captain Skinner's name appears among the list of those who are drowned, and we regret to add that he leaves a wife and six children to lament their loss. Mr. Miller also leaves a wife and family. There were about six or eight passengers on board, all of whom are lost, including Captain Arthur Sinclair, of the Confederate States army.

The following account, gathered by our reporter from the survivors, will be read with interest:—The Lella left the Mersey at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. The wind was blowing a gale from the north-west, and a tremendous sea was running so heavily that the steamer was slowed for the purpose of taking the anchors in, for fear they would be lost. When the anchors were got on board the Lella shipped a heavy sea, which knocked the pea of one of the arms of the anchors through the deck. The iron covering of a small scuttle in the forepart of the vessel was then washed away, and the Lella shipped a succession of seas which soon filled the foremost part of the vessel. Two men, named Brodey and Curry, were steering at the time, and in a few minutes they discovered that the steamer would not answer her helm. They then told the pilot that they thought the vessel was filling with water, and orders were given to have her speed still further slackened for the purpose of discovering, if possible, where the water was getting in. This they were unable to do, as the decks were flooded, and presently another sea broke over her, smashing the forward hatches; another sea lifted the anchor from the portion of the deck in which it was embedded, and again sent the pea through with tremendous force. Attempts were then made to change the position of the steamer, for the purpose of running her back, but she refused to answer her helm. At this time she was about six miles west of the North-west Light Ship. She came up to the sea and lay a helpless body. She rapidly filled with water, and in a very few minutes her forward compartments had sunk, and her stern was raised higher out of the water. Orders were then given for her boats, four in number, to be lowered. Captain Sinclair, the two pilots, and several of the passengers got into the first boat, which was almost immediately swamped, and the whole of her crew were lost. The port quarter boat was next lowered in the waist, and was filled by twelve of the crew. Amongst the crew in the boat was the steward, who fell overboard, and after some difficulty was rescued by his comrades. This was lowered on the water side, and after many fruitless attempts she was got round, and just as she came by the quarter the quarter-boat was lowered, and the two came into collision. Eighteen men got into the third boat, and while it was hanging in the tackles one of the seamen, named Brodey, asked Captain Skinner if he would go in the boat. He said, "Yes, Brodey; you go down first, and I will follow you." This, however, he was unable to do, as a heavy sea washed the boat from the steamer. A fourth boat was lowered from the starboard waist, and that was immediately upset, and it was supposed that she sunk under the paddle-boxes. At this time only the captain and another man named Curry were taken on board the steamer. They were on the port side of the tackles close to the water. It was supposed that there was a small life-boat on board at this time, but none of the survivors appeared to have seen it, owing to the tremendous sea which was running, and the pitchy darkness by which they were surrounded. In the boat containing eighteen of the crew was Mr. Thomas Miller, who pulled an oar from the time the boat left the steamer until she arrived at the light ship. When they got close underneath the light-ship two lines were thrown to them. At this time the second mate was steering the boat. She got underneath the stern of the light-ship, when a heavy sea caught her a-whirl and capsized her, and all hands were immersed in the water. Four of the crew—two men and two boys—got on the top of the keel. The two men succeeded in reaching one of the other boats that had come alongside, containing twelve men, but the two boys were drifted away, and nothing more was heard of them. A number of lines were thrown to the two boats, and by these means the whole

of the crew of the last-named boat, with the exception of four, were pulled on board of the light ship. The four men who were drowned jumped overboard for the purpose of getting hold of the lines; being under the apprehension that the boat would capsize and they would be lost. Mr. Miller had hold of one of the lines until the boat in which he was got close to the light ship, when, evidently from sheer exhaustion, he let go his hold, and was battling with the raging sea. He succeeded in clenching Brodey by the collar, and the mate of the ship also seized Brodey by the leg. The men on board the light ship lowered a life buoy, and Brodey, having got inside, placed his arms across it. Mr. Miller still clung to him, but the mate had released his hold. The crew of the light ship, with a view of pulling the three men on board, attempted to reel the line through a block, but in so doing they slackened the rope down into the water, and Mr. Miller let go his hold and sank, Brodey alone being rescued from a watery grave. Altogether twelve of the crew were saved.

WRECK OF A BRIG AND LOSS OF THE CREW OFF LAND'S-END.

On Friday evening week a terrific gale of wind from N.W., accompanied by violent showers of rain, sprang up off the Land's-end. At about two o'clock on Saturday morning a vessel was seen at anchor under Garrick Glosa, inside the Brisons (Rocks), off the parish of St. Just. At three o'clock she went on the rocks, and was instantly dashed in pieces. The sea was breaking in tremendous waves all round the coast. Nothing had been seen of the crew, nor had any bodies been picked up when this account was written. Neither the name of the vessel, master, nor anything else of a definite character had been found. The wreck and some of the cargo, consisting of hides and horns, thought to be from South America, came ashore in Penzance Cove, and some cargo in Prado Cove. The vessel is supposed to be a brig of about 170 or 180 tons register.

WRECK IN ST. IVES BAY.—ALL HANDS LOST.

At St. Ives the fury of the recent gale was such as to make it one of the heaviest recorded in connexion with that port; and it was the cause of a very serious casualty, a vessel, with her crew of five, having been wrecked while endeavouring to make Hayle harbour for shelter. She was a sloop, named the Henrietta, and about five o'clock on Friday week left St. Ives Pier (where she was in considerably danger from the heavy weather) for Hayle. She crossed Hayle Bar in safety in half-an-hour, there being plenty of water and the wind fair from the W.N.W.; but after the passage was effected it became necessary to alter her course more to the westward, in order that she might take the main channel. Unfortunately the pilot, James Hart, had, it is presumed from an over-confident reliance on his acquaintance with the navigation of the river, omitted to have any after canvas set. The result was that the sloop would not answer her helm, and drove on the lee shore, opposite Barrel Point. The main-sail was then hoisted, but it was about high water at the time, and the crew could not get her off. They were heard to cry for assistance; but no ordinary boat could live in the heavy sea that was running, and it soon became so dark that the rendering of assistance became impossible. A Coast-guardman saw her strike and almost immediately fell over on her side, the following seas splitting her open from stem to stern. The collectors of customs and other officers of that department visited the place where the vessel had been stranded immediately on receiving information (about half past six), but by that time she had broken up, and the fragments drifted on to the beach. Every possible search was made for the crew, but nothing of them has been seen, and it is supposed that they were carried away by the ebb. From the circumstance that boots and other articles of clothing were found washed to the rigging it is conjectured that they had stripped themselves, and, as a last resource, made the hopeless endeavour to swim ashore. The life of the mate of the Henrietta was preserved in a singular way. Being too drunk to do his duty he was not allowed to come on board, but was left at St. Ives. Had he been at his post he must have shared the sad fate of his comrades.

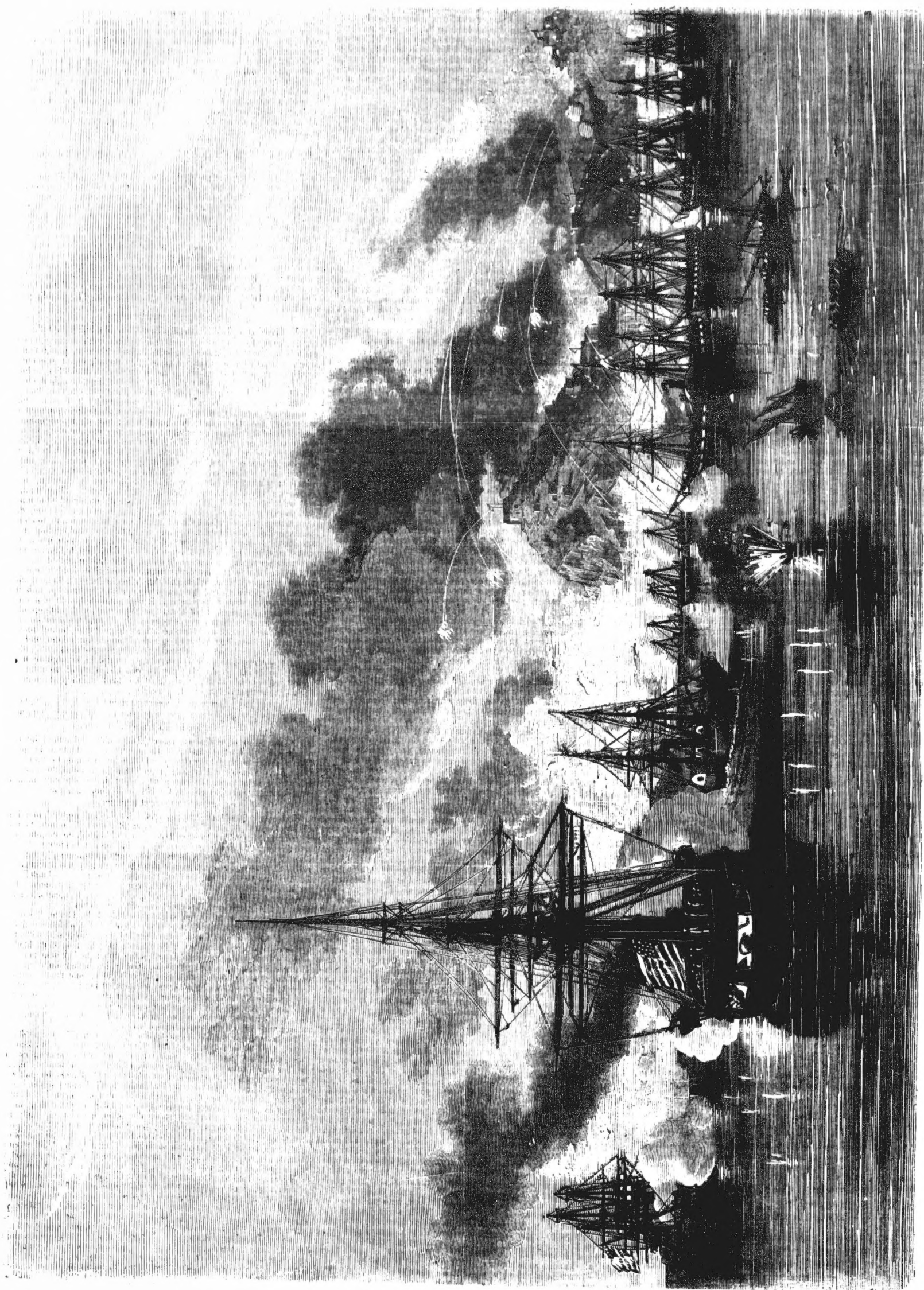
THE LAST SITTING AT TURIN OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

As Florence is now the capital of Italy, the parliament of the country will henceforth be held there. The illustration in page 505 represents the final sitting of the legislature in the old Chamber. When the King announced that henceforth, for reasons calculated to advance the cause of Italian unity the capital had been changed, the Chamber responded with three cheers.

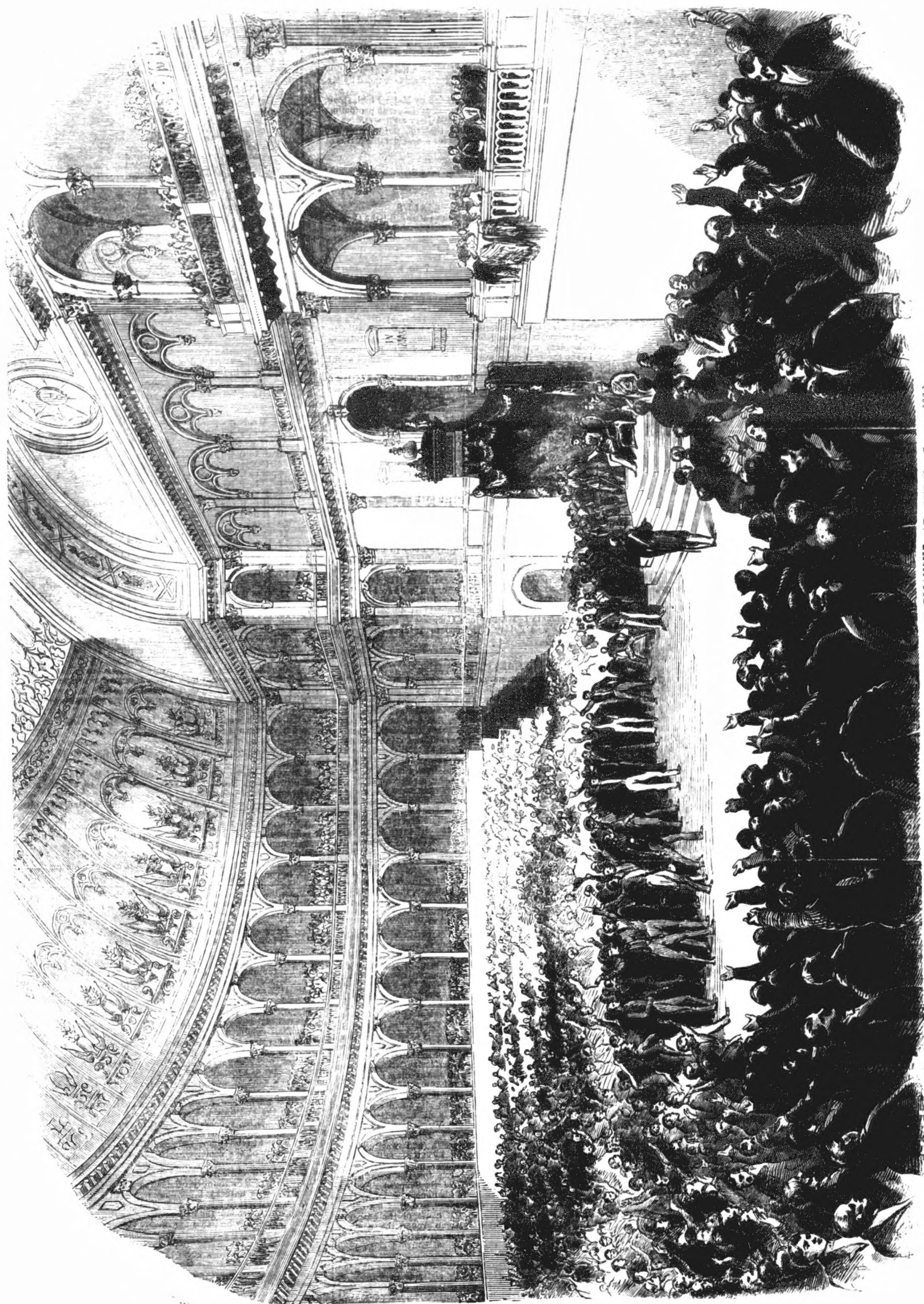
HONORARY RAILWAY PASSENGERS.—At the last general meeting of the Central Association of German Railway Directors it was unanimously resolved to elect Davison and Haase (two well-known and favourite dramatic performers), as well as the celebrated tragedian, Miss Maria Seebach, to be "honorary passengers," with the right of travelling gratis on all lines belonging to the association. In America this would be called "chalking them on the back," but on English lines it would be considered as a new development of the system of free passes, and would probably lead to some observations at the meeting of shareholders.—*Railway News*.

ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—Mr. E. M. Grace, the well-known cricketer, met with a serious accident, by which he dislocated his elbow and sustained other injuries, while out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. The meet took place at Gate Rocks, and the hounds having soon found a fox, the running was towards Horton Bushes, at which place Mr. Grace, in taking an awkward stile out of a road, fell from his horse, dislocating and fracturing his left elbow. His father, Mr. Grace, surgeon of Downend, was fortunately close at hand, and at once reduced the dislocation and set the limb. An accident happened during the same hunt to one of the duke's horses, which broke its back, while another horse was with some difficulty rescued from a brook.

DOUBT SUICIDE.—A letter from St. Briens (Cotes-du-Nord) states that a double suicide has just been committed at one of the principal hotels of that town by two strangers, a well-to-do man about sixty years of age and a woman somewhat younger. It appears that they arrived there by railway on the 2nd instant, and engaged a double-bedded room at the hotel. On the evening of the 4th they ordered a rather expensive dinner to be served in their own room. On the following morning, as no answer was given to the servant who knocked at their door, the landlord got a ladder, and looking in at the window, saw the woman lying on the bed apparently dead. The police were immediately called up, and the door of the room was forced open. The woman was found to be dead, but still warm, while the man, who sat in an arm-chair near the chimney, had evidently been dead some eight or ten hours. On the table near him lay two pistols, and on them a scrap of paper, on which were the words, "Loaded with ball." Another paper lay close by, on which was written in pencil that their death was voluntary, and requesting that the 238 r. left on the table might be applied to pay their bill at the hotel and their funeral expenses. On the chimney-piece was a bottle which had contained laudanum. The inquiry made to ascertain their identity led to the discovery that the man's name was Justin Ayet, in 1846 at the head of large chemical works at Levallois, near Rouen, but who had of late years been in adverse circumstances. It is supposed that his embarrassments had driven him to suicide, and that the woman, who, according to her own statement to the people of the hotel, had long been with him as servant, had consented to die with her master.—*Gazette*.



THE WAR IN AMERICA.—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER BY ADMIRAL PORTER. (See page 500.)



THE LAST SITTINGS OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT AT TURIN. (See page 503.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S during the week has produced Gounod's grand opera of "Faust," and this, with the very attractive pantomime of "The Lion and the Unicorn," introducing the great novelty "Eidos Aides," have drawn capital houses.—COVE-ST. GARDEN is crowded nightly to witness Donato, the one-legged dancer, in the pantomime of "Cinderella." The opera has been the "Bride of Song"—AT DRURY LANE there is no falling-off whatever in the numbers nightly visiting the theatre to wonder and applaud the magnificent scenery in the pantomime of "Hop o' my Thumb." The farce of "The Young Lad from the Country" precedes the pantomime—The HAYMARKET has the all-attractive "Lord Dunsinore Married and Done for," the extravaganza of "Princess Springtime," and concluding with "A Day after the Wedding."—The Princess's is still doing excellent business with "The Streets of London" and the extravaganza of "The Magic Horse and the Las Malden Princess."—At the LYCEUM "Boy Blue" has been brought to a conclusion, and on Saturday (this evening), a new drama, entitled "The Roadside Inn," is to be produced, in which Mr. Fether will appear.—Miss Bateman's performance of "Lola," at the AMERICAN, is as attractive as ever, and with the laughter evoked at "Les on Parle Français" and "The Dark Deluge in the Oubliette" by the Knottling "em Brothers," the crowded audience are sent home delighted.—At the ST. JAMES'S there is "A Lesson in Love" and the extravaganza of "Hercules and Omphale."—The OLYMPIC has the excellent drama of "The Hidden Hand," and the extravaganza of "Capit and Psyche."—SADLER'S WALLS, since the return of Miss Marriott, has produced "A Night of Terror" most successfully. The pretty local pantomime of "Sir Hugh Myddelton" increases in attractiveness.—The STRAND has always something fresh for its thronged audience. During the week "Laurence's Love Suit," the extravaganza of "The Gris Buses," and "Mrs. Green's Gang Little Business" have afforded admirable amusement.—The NEW PATENT has been well attended to witness "Billing and Coaling," the extravaganza of "Snowdrop," and "Thrice Married"—AMERICA, the STURGEY, and VICTORIA are each crowded nightly; their pantomimes being still immensely popular. At the East-end there has been no change since our recent notice of theatres in that part of London.

The MUSIC HALLS have been well patronised during the Christmas festivities. The Oxford, Canterbury, Weston's, Regent, Strand, Metropolitan, Alhambra, Portland, Marylebone, Middlesex, Knightsbridge, and Tower, for the West-end; the Regent, Bedford, Deacon's, the Philharmonic, and Sam Collins's for the north; and for the East, Wilton's, The Eastern, Oriental, and the Cambridge, have all put something special before their patrons. At the latter hall especially—the Cambridge—the utmost success has attended the opening. Among the principal favourites there is "Little Nelly Power." Her singing, dancing, and wonderful rendering of her long list of characters, draw forth the warmest applause. She well deserves every praise bestowed upon her for her rare talents. The other attractive singers and performers here are J. G. Forde, West, the stump orator; Fred Fromer, George Laybourne, C. Burton; the clever gymnasts, the Brothers Elestria; Miss Annie Adams, &c. The operatic selections, under the conductorship of Mr. Charles Greville, are well executed.

THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE AT THE BRITANNIA.

On our first page we give an illustration of the grand transformation scene at this theatre, as shown in the pantomime of "Little Bury Bee; or, the Old Woman of Threadneedle-street." It is painted by Mr. Thomas Rogers, and certainly for elegance of design and gorgeous beauty it is one of the most charming this season has produced, and certainly surpassing anything ever before produced at the Britannia, and this is saying much, as Mr. S. Lane is proverbial for the care he bestows on his Christmas entertainments. As the transformation scene takes about a quarter of an hour to become fully developed, the audience have ample opportunity of repeatedly testifying the admiration they feel as each effect becomes visible. There are no fewer than eight changes during the scene, and the "prismatic colours of real water" may be said to be the most beautiful, though it becomes perceptible at an early stage of the transformation. The dresses throughout the opening, and especially those of the lady members of the company, are of exceeding beauty, and those of Mrs. Lane (Little Bury Bee), Miss Esther Jacobs (Sir Rupert), Miss E. Scott (Queen Bee), Mrs. Crawford (Princess Coquette), are especially gorgeous, the first-named being attired in a Hungarian tulle that becomes her handsome figure exceedingly. A cleverly-contrived and novel scene, the Castle of I O U, introduces some comical figures with "Dutch clock" heads, and here a tiny drummer (the son of Madame Pisco, the Swiss vocalist) plays, to the evident delight of the juvenile visitors, while an array of handsomely attired young damsels, who are distinguished, however, by such names as Felt, Flirt, Jilt, Flout, Flout, Folly, &c., cause a deal of fun in front of a View on Coquette Island by the way in which they serve Sir John Ruyter and Toby Philpott, two characters admirably made up by Messrs. Parry and Elton. Mr. Bigwood, as the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street, acts with even more than his accustomed humour; and the harlequinade troupe, which include some wonderfully agile Sprites, carry on the more boisterous portion of the pantomime with the utmost spirit until the final tableau. Those who have not yet visited the Britannia have a rich treat in store. "The Work Girls of London" is still the concluding piece.

THE SHREWSBURY SHAM "DETECTIVE"—John Ellis, alias Morgan, the man who was charged with having represented himself to the police of Shrewsbury as a detective officer from Carmarthen, and in that character with having, on the 27th of December last, apprehended, arrested, and robbed a Manchester gentleman, named Ashworth, of a gold watch and £3 10s in money, was captured at Liverpool and brought by train to Shrewsbury. It appears that his real name is Thomas Ellis, and that he is the son of a butcher living in Baker-street, Everton, Liverpool. His father was for twenty years a superintendent of police, and he himself was for some time assistant-magistrate's clerk at Holyhead. He was recently employed by Mr. W. Avis, shipwright, Bridgewater-street, Liverpool, and since then has been roaming about the country without any known means of livelihood. When Mr. Ashworth appeared before the Shrewsbury magistrate, the morning after his apprehension by the sham detective, "John Morgan," was not to be found, he having desecrated with the plunder he had obtained. Since his successful exploit at Shrewsbury, and during last week, Ellis attempted a similar feat at Old Swan, near Liverpool. He visited the cattle market, and, on pretence of having a warrant for the apprehension of a cattle-dealer, he took him to the police-station and proposed to search him, but the local officers refused to allow it. He threatened to telegraph to his superior, and left the station, but never returned. The cattle-dealer was, of course, set at liberty. Ellis was brought to the detective office at Liverpool by his father, at whose house he had presented himself. A reward of £10 had been previously offered for his apprehension. The gold watch of which Ellis robbed Mr. Ashworth he afterwards exchanged with Mr. Cohen, jeweller, of Liverpool, for a silver lever and 25s. in cash. On Saturday the prisoner was brought before the Shrewsbury magistrates and committed to the sessions.

The Court.

The visit of his royal highness the Prince of Wales to Lord Walsingham terminated on Saturday. It was strictly of a private character, but a select circle was invited to Merton Hall to meet his royal highness. The Prince inspected the flock of Southdowns, which have conferred such celebrity on Merton of late years. In the development of this flock Lord Walsingham has spared neither labour nor expense, and his lordship has been ably seconded by Mr. Woods, his steward.

His royal highness Prince Arthur, attended by Major Elphinstone, on Saturday evening honoured by his presence the grand pantomime of "The Lion and the Unicorn," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

We understand that it is anticipated that the residence of the Court at Buckingham Palace will not be for a considerable period of the season.—Court Journal.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

Several additions to the ranks which have attended "the Corner" during this portion of the vacation were made this afternoon, the company present including all the influential bookmakers. Anticipating some movement in favour of Broomielaw for the Two Thousand at Tattersall's, Mr. I'Anson's horse was backed at the Victoria Club in the morning for £500 at 7 to 1, which had an effect upon the rest of the Two Thousand competitors, who thereby slightly retrograded. Subsequently, at Tattersall's, a few minor investments were made on Broomielaw at the same price, and, with the exception of limited support extended to Chattanooga and Zambesi, nothing else was done respecting the front division for the Newmarket race. An investment of £20 upon Don Basilio, to which sum a "thousand" was laid, was the only other speculation which took place upon the Two Thousand. The noticeable features in the Derby betting were the mysterious insinuations about Liddington, the retrogression of Mr. I'Anson's pair, and the increasing favouritism of Bedminster. The frequent offers to lay 6 to 1 against Liddington for both Two Thousand and Derby gave rise to suspicion that something was wrong about Mr. Merry's horse, and 11 to 2 (being half a point more than has been latterly offered), was laid to £100, and after that the layer was anxious to get on at the same figure. Each of John Scott's, Ariel and Rifle, were entrusted with "a pony" at their respective quotations. Congress appeared to have a coming aspect, but as no customers could be found at 40, and afterwards at 45 to 1, 2500 to 50 was booked about Mr. Naylor's non-public performer. Zambesi was supported at 40 to 1 for £100, and the following list comprises the closing prices:—

TWO THOUSAND—6 to 1 against Mr. Merry's Liddington (off); 7 to 1 against Mr. W. I'Anson's Broomielaw (t and off); 9 to 1 against Mr. Naylor's Chattanooga (t and off); 10 to 1 against Mr. Merry's Zambesi (t and off); 50 to 1 against Sir R. Bulkeley's Don Basilio (t and off).
DERBY—11 to 2 against Mr. Merry's Liddington (t and off); 9 to 1 against Mr. W. I'Anson's Breadalbane (t and off); 11 to 1 against Marquis of Hastings' The Duke (off); 1,000 to 65 against Mr. Naylor's Chattanooga (t); 22 to 1 against Sir Joseph Hawley's Bedminster (t and off); 1,000 to 45 against Mr. W. I'Anson's Broomielaw (off, t 500 to 20); 25 to 1 against Lord Glasgow's Rifle (t); 25 to 1 against Mr. Meckenzie's Oppressor (off); 80 to 1 against Mr. Wadlow's Christmas Carol (off); 40 to 1 against Lord Durham's Ariel (t); 40 to 1 against Mr. Merry's Zambesi (t); 40 to 1 against Mr. Kelso's Buck (t); 50 to 1 against Mr. Naylor's Congress (t and off); 1,000 to 15 against Mr. T. Parr's Friday (t); 1,000 to 10 against Mr. Payne's Pepper's Ghost (off).

PEDESTRIANISM.

TOPEY'S WALKING-MATCH AGAINST TIME FOR £100.—The West London Cricket Ground, Brompton, was visited on Monday afternoon by several hundred spectators, who mustered to witness the feat undertaken by G. Topley, the celebrated pedestrian, for a stake of £100, in which he had to walk, fair heel and toe, seven miles and a half in one hour, a well-known bookmaker backing time. Topley, who is only nineteen years of age, stands 5' 4½ in. in height, and weighs 84 lb. He trained at Fulham, under the care of old John Smith, and was in first-rate condition. The betting opened at 6 and 7 to 4 on time, but finally settled down at even. Mr. O. Westhall having been appointed referee, and Mr. E. Smith, of Bell's Life, timekeeper, two watches were set, and the word given for start at ten minutes to four. The first quarter of a mile was completed in 1 min 39 sec, the fair and manly style of his walking exciting bursts of applause. The first mile was completed in 7 min 41 sec; two in 15 min 44 sec; three in 23 min 44 sec; and the first half of the distance in exactly 30 min. At the end of two miles Tyler laid £15 to £10 on the man. Four miles were completed in 32 min 5 sec; five in 40 min 3 sec; six in 47 min 47 sec; and seven in 55 min 30 sec. Seven and a quarter were done in 57 min 25 sec, finishing his task, with some of the finest walking ever seen, in 59 min. 16 sec, thus winning by 44 seconds, a performance which may be stamped as the best on record.

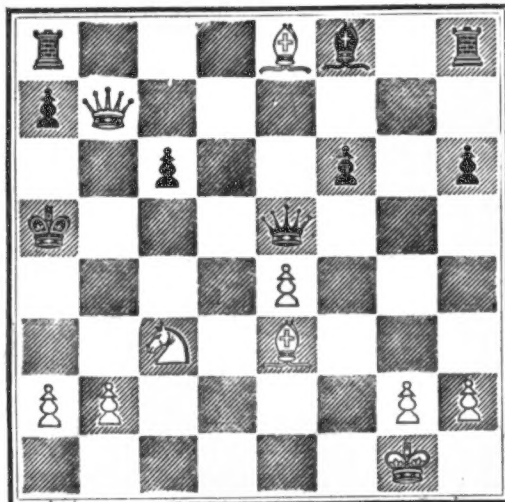
NOVEL PROCLAMATION OF BANS.—In a parish church within a hundred miles of Edinburg, a few Sundays ago, there was no service, and the bans of a young couple having to be published that day, the preacher forgot about them until late at night. Forthwith he marched to the church at that untimely hour, and there, with help of the candle light, proclaimed the bans in proper form. We are assured that there was no objection made by the congregation.—Nairn Telegraph.

BROTHER IGNATIUS.—Extraordinary doings continue to be reported in connexion with the monastery of the English order of St. Benedict, at Norwich. Thus the monks recently entertained several poor people to a good dinner of beef, pudding, and ale, a nun and some sisters of the Mount Calvary division of the third order superintending. About thirty sat down in the refectory. After veppers the younger portion of the company spent the evening in amusing games, in which several elder brothers of the third order joined. A game called the "old mail coach" caused much mirth among the boys; Brother Ignatius himself telling the story and crying the forfeits. On another occasion there was an exposition of the "Blessed Sacrament at the altar of the Virgin and the Shrine of the Bambino." On another day the Infant Samuel was brought in vested as a miniature priest, and was crowned with flowers. He was enthroned by the acolytes in front of the altar, and was waited upon during the service as if he were a little monarch for the time being. On the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Beckett, Brother Ignatius preached a sermon in his honour, asserting that he was the saviour of the Church of England, and that his blood-shedding communicated new life to the cause of the gospel in England. Processions with the Bambino round the convent premises, early communion with the Church of St. Lawrence, in connexion with the services of the Rev. E. A. Hillyard, and a long and endless series of special services fill up the time of the monks, who, it is stated, received during the festive season plenty of good cheer from all parts of the kingdom. The sister of Lord Stafford, who resides at Namur, in Belgium, has purchased a large mansion in Norwich, formerly occupied by Captain Ives, for the purpose of adapting it to a luncheon in connexion with the Roman Catholic Church. Incense is now sold publicly in Norwich at 6s. per lb.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 234.*

Black.



White.

[The above position occurred to Mr. Blackburne in actual play, whilst contesting ten blindfold games at the same time. Mr. B. announced mate in three moves.]

Game between Mr. W. and another amateur.

White.	Black.
Mr. W.	Mr. A.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. K Kt to K 2 (a)
4. Castles	4. P to Q R 3
5. B to Q R 4	5. P to K 4
6. B to Q Kt 3	6. P to Q 4
7. P takes P	7. Kt takes P
8. R to K square	8. Q to Q 3
9. P to Q 4	9. P to K 5 (b)
10. B takes Kt (c)	10. Q takes B
11. Q Kt to B 3	11. Q to K square
12. Q Kt takes K P	12. B to K 2
13. P to Q 5	13. Kt to Q R 4
14. P to Q 6	14. P takes P
15. Kt takes P (ch)	15. K to B square
16. R to K B 4	16. B to K Kt 5 (d)
17. Q to Q 5	17. B to K R 4 (e)
18. R takes K B	18. K takes R
19. R to K square (ch)	19. K to B square
20. R to K 8 (ch)	Resigns.

(a) This gives Black a close, cramped game; but is there any satisfactory defence to this opening superior to the old move of B to Q 4?

(b) Black must now lose a Pawn, play as he may. Had he moved P to K B 3, White would have taken P with P, winning a piece.

(c) Far better than taking the K P at once.

(d) It is evident that the capture of the Kt with either Q or B would be immediately fatal.

(e) B to K 3 would have been more disastrous still, as White would have taken it with B, winning the K at least.

G 8.—Your problem shall be submitted to the juveniles as early as practicable.

J. WARDE.—Like most first productions of its kind, your problems are faulty. No. 1 can be solved in two moves, and the others have each several solutions.

LEARNER.—For beginners, Kenny's "Manual of Chess" is about the best work published. The price is 1s.

A RYND.—1. If the games are well played, we shall be happy to publish them. 2. With regard to the notes, yes. 3. The problem is under examination.

F. H. B. (Atkins Road).—If, in the problem submitted by you, Black Bishop take the King's Pawn, White cannot mate on the 8th move, in consequence of the check from the Bishop next move.

[* From the "Household Chess Magazine," an attractive little paper published by John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester.]

"Too LATE.—The Spanish journals state that two young men, sentenced to death for murder, underwent the punishment of the garrote during the late severe weather at Bonetillo de la Sierra, in the province of Madrid. The Queen had spared the life of one of them, but the quantity of snow which had fallen having interrupted the communications, even by electric telegraph, the order for suspending the execution did not arrive until two hours after the man was dead.

STRANGE SCENE IN A CONCERT HALL.—On Wednesday night a rather unusual as well as an unseemly occurrence took place in one of the best conducted of our public music-rooms. Upon Miss Lamarque (Mrs. William Lingard) appearing on the stage, and before she had uttered a single note, a person in the hall raised a loud hiss. The ungallant act of course attracted the attention of every one present towards the siffler, and a strong and seemingly unanimous demand was made for his ejection; he was, however, allowed to remain, after being communicated with by the parties engaged in the hall. The motive of the gentleman (?) was not apparent to the auditors, nor was any explanation, as to personal pique or otherwise, vouchsafed from the chair. The lady then sang, and was encored. On the conclusion of the songs, in which she acquitted herself to the sympathising satisfaction of the audience, Mr. Lingard, one of the comic singers, was seen to enter at the front part of the hall; and quietly approaching the offending party, with a determined air, drew from his coat pocket something like a riding whip, with which he soundly belaboured him in the presence of the assembly. The unlucky individual retaliated with his umbrella, and other parties then interfered. The tide of sympathy then turned in an opposite direction, the utmost disapproval was now expressed, and Mr. Lingard, who had immediately retired, was demanded by one and all. After the lapse of a few minutes the worthy lessee led on the comic man to the stage, and, with anything but comic aspect, the latter humbly apologized for having allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment. Thereupon the storm was allayed and the harmony resumed.—Glasgow Evening Citizen.

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Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

A SOLICITOR IN TROUBLE.—Robert Henry Coppertwaite, a solicitor, at present staying at a hotel in Dover-street, Pimlico; and John Wilson, described as a commission agent, both of whom had been called, came before Mr. Alderman Abbot, with being drunk and creating a disturbance, and with assaulting the police. Mr. Henry Coppertwaite was the principal witness. He said he was the proprietor of Gregory's Hotel, Fountain-court, Chancery-lane. He knew the defendant Mr. Coppertwaite. On Saturday evening witness was sitting in his private room, and saw him enter the house. He followed him into the smoking-room, and heard him making some inquiry of a waiter. He asked the waiter if Mr. Coppertwaite wanted to see him, upon which the defendant turned round and said he wanted the things which he had left there on deposit on October last, when he was staying at the hotel. Witness said he could have them by paying his bill—£17 odd, including £2 10s. which he had borrowed at the hotel without witness's permission on that occasion. He asked him to sit down, and the defendant did so. He then called witness a thief and a swindler, and spoke in similar terms of witness's late manager, adding that he would have them both brought up at a police-court. Witness left the room, saying he should not listen to such language. He then told the waiter that the defendant, who was very drunk, was to be taken to the police. The defendant Wilson was at that time in witness's private room. The defendant sent out for some grog to the bar, and witness gave directions that they were not to have any more. In consequence of the defendant's things of the waiter, which witness said he had to have to him, he must put in writing. Witness replied that he must write to him through a solicitor, if he had any demand upon him. The defendant Coppertwaite made a great noise, and the visitors in the smoking room complained of the annoyance, upon which witness requested him and his friend to leave the house immediately. They both refused, and he sent for a constable. They had not been served with anything. Mr. Coppertwaite was leaving the house, but when he saw two policemen he refused to go further, and asked why witness was giving him in custody. Witness replied he was not giving him in custody, and was only requesting him to leave. They refused; he and the constable urged them to go, which they refused to do, and then a little violence was used by the policeman in putting them out of the house. Outside the house a fight began between the defendants and the constables, and witness saw Mr. Coppertwaite strike them several times. In consequence of the examination by the defendant Coppertwaite, witness said he had the honour to hold a situation in the House of Commons. He would serve the defendant owed him £17, according to his books. He had got a dressing-case and a portmanteau belonging to the defendant, which he would willingly give up on receiving the amount of his bill. James Bray, a waiter at Gregory's Hotel, proved that the prisoner Wilson also struck the police repeatedly as the defendants were being dragged from the house. Mr. Coppertwaite, he believed, would have left the house quietly but for the other defendant, who was the first to resist the constables. The defendant Coppertwaite, in his defence, said he was annoyed by his property having been removed from the bed room he occupied in the hotel since his visit in October last, and being a solicitor, he went to see Mr. Pratt with a notice in the matter. Pointing to wounds on various parts of his face he said he was badly used by the policeman. He was dragged from the house, his head was broken, and he was covered with blood. Mr. Pratt had ample property belonging to him to pay the bill, and he had not gone there with any intention to create a disturbance, but unfortunately he had met with a friend in the morning, and they drank too freely, and he had acted under great excitement. Mr. Alderman Abbot told the defendant he had ample opportunity to serve the notice before Mr. Pratt returned to him, if that had been his object in going to the house. Mr. Pratt, seeing that he and the other defendant were the worse for liquor, very properly refused to allow his waiters to serve them, upon which they created a disturbance in the hotel, annoyed the inmates, and then assaulted the police who had been called in to remove them. He did not think a fine would have any effect upon men like them, and he sentenced the defendant Coppertwaite to fourteen days' imprisonment, and Wilson to seven days, with hard labour in both cases, and without the option of a fine.

WESTMINSTER.

MORE OF THE BROMPTON ORATORY CASE.—Mr. Collett, solicitor, applied to the magistrate respecting the extraordinary case of Mrs. McDermott and her daughter Eliza, which has caused so much sensation of late. Mr. Collett said that in the early stage of the proceedings, as reported in the newspapers, his worship (Mr. Selfe) had stated that he had received a letter from Father Bowden, impugning Mrs. McDermott's character. As proceedings were about to be taken on her behalf and a thorough investigation gone into to show that she had been the victim of a conspiracy, he wished for a copy of the letter. Mr. Selfe said he had no objection to give him all the letters, or let anybody else have them. Mr. Collett pointed out that in defence of Mrs. McDermott the whole matter would be brought before a proper tribunal, and it was important to become acquainted with everything connected with it. Mr. Selfe declared that he had neither with nor inclination to prevent the whole world knowing all about Mrs. McDermott and her daughter. In the course of conversation with the girl and inquiry, a circumstance came to light which it was thought by him as well to conceal from Mrs. McDermott, whose feelings he had been anxious to spare on so delicate a subject. If it must be known, the girl had gone away. She had been seduced, although it seemed her mother was not aware of it. Mr. Collett observed that he was prepared for such a communication. When the magistrate had dismissed the mother he had told her that at some future time he would let her where her daughter was. The mother was anxious to know when that time was to be. Mr. Selfe stated that that would be at once discovered by the letters which he should have at once put into his possession. He had thought it better that the girl should remain in the institution, and he thought so still. There was no constraint. She was free to leave at any moment she liked, and come home if she pleased. Mr. Collett: That may be, but we should not suppose she would do so while she is enjoying the gingerbread and lollypops which make her pleased with her new position, and which I have no doubt make her like her position very much at present. May I put the question to you once more? Will you allow the mother to see her, or inform her where she is? Mr. Selfe: I have nothing to do with that. The letters will inform her. I never promised it, and I should certainly even now recommend the mother not to see her at present. Mr. Collett: I am aware your worship, if my instructions are true, that there have been for seven years a series of persecutions going on against Mrs. McDermott; that these persecutions have all come emanated from the Oratory. When they are fully exposed they will come forcibly before the public. Mr. Selfe: I dare say they will. You can have the letters, and I hope to hear no more of the matter.

TAKING AWAY OTHER PERSON'S CHILDREN.—A woman about 40 years of age applied to Mr. Arnold for the recovery of her child which had been taken away, and was detained by another woman. Applicant said she had got possession of the child a short time ago, and would not restore it. When she went to her last night she assaulted her. Mr. Arnold: I can grant you a summons for the assault. Applicant: I want my child. Can't you make her give it to me? Mr. Arnold: How old is it? Applicant: Three years (nearly into years). I must have my child. Can't you make an order upon her to give it up to me. Mr. Arnold: I have no such power; but if you take a summons for the assault it may be the means of recovering your child. When it is here I will see what I can do for you. Applicant: Thank your worship. I'll take a summons. Another woman immediately stepped forward and said: I am the woman who has just been speaking about your worship. Mr. Arnold: Have you got her child? Woman: Yes, your worship. I have. Mr. Arnold: Why don't you give it to her? Woman: I want to keep it. Mr. Arnold: You have no right to another person's child. Woman: She is not fit to be trusted with it. Mr. Arnold: That is nothing to you. The mother is entitled to the care of her own child. Woman: The mother is the biggest drunkard in London, and isn't fit to have the care of a dog. I found the poor child in a cellar in a shocking state dirt and covered with vermin, and so started that it only weighed four pounds and a half. I took it to a doctor, and now it is a nice child. Mr. Arnold: You must give it up to its mother. Woman: If she has the child it will soon be in as bad a state again. Mr. Arnold: You must give her up her child. You have no right to keep it from her. If she does wrong by the child and neglects it, she is answerable to the law.

OLVERKNEWELL.

DAMNED ROBBERY OF JEWELLRY.—Thomas Gann, described on the charge-sheet as a barman out of situation, residing at 24 Brompton-street, Olverknewell-road, was charged with stealing, on the 27th ult., a gold chain, a silver toothpick, a pair of gold earrings, a gold ring set with pearls and garnets, and a pair of eye-glasses, from the Harewood public-house, Hornsey-road, the property of Mr. Henry Ward, licensed victualler. From the evidence of the potman at the above-house it appeared that on the 27th ult. the prisoner called to see him; and after having something to drink, he missed him for a short time and then saw him leaving the house. As he left the prisoner said he would be back on Wednesday, and immediately afterwards the above-named articles were missed, and as the prisoner did not return at the time he stated suspicion fell on him. In consequence the potman went to the

prisoner, and accused him of committing the robbery, which the prisoner at first indignantly denied. He afterwards said, "I lost the ring from my pocket as well as the silver spoon, but the silver toothpick I never saw. The chain I sold in Barbican for 30s., but I can get it back for £2 7s. and I will bring it to you for that money." As the prisoner did not return the chain the potman went with a detective officer and saw the prisoner at a public-house in the Olverknewell-road. He said to the prisoner, "Well, Tom, I have got £3 in my pocket; I want you to bring those things back that you stole, and master will look over it." The prisoner did not say anything to that, and after a pause the potman said, "How about those things, Tom?" and the prisoner said, "You shall have them back without fail at ten o'clock to-morrow morning." He was then given into custody, and when told the charge, said he knew nothing at all about it. The prisoner said he did not wish to ask the potman any questions, at all he had stated was false and said for the purpose of putting him away. Police-constable Webb, 237 B, said he was present in the public-house, and took the prisoner into custody. He told him the charge, and the prisoner said he was innocent and knew nothing at all about it. He then went to the prisoner's lodgings, and at the bottom of the prisoner's carpet bag he found a pair of eye-glasses which had been stolen from the complainant. He made a search for duplicates relating to the stolen property, but could not find any, and he was afraid that he should not be able to recover any more of the stolen property, as he understood it was sold at a refiner's and was now melted up. The complainant identified the eye-glasses found by the officer as his property, and said they were attached to the gold chain when it was stolen. The frames of the glasses were made of silver, and that might account for their not having been made away with with the other property. All the articles had been stolen from the bedrooms of the house. The prisoner said he should reserve his defence, but would not mind being tried at once. The police having stated that the prisoner had before been tried and convicted for stealing gas-pipes from the parlours and tap-rooms of public-houses, at one house causing an explosion which injured several parties. The magistrate said it was a case he should send to the sessions for trial.

AN UNLUCKY APPRENTICE SENT TO PRISON.—Charles Anney, a lad about 16 years of age, apprenticed to Mr. Augustus Daws, of 16 Ovington-row, Old St. Pancras-road, was charged before Mr. Barker with unlawfully refusing to obey the lawful commands of his master, and stopping away from his work. Mr. Bicketts attended on behalf of the complainant. Mr. Barker asked if the defendant had before been guilty of misconduct? Mr. Bicketts said that he had before been sent to prison, and had frequently stopped out of a piddling with his dinner, but he was instructed to say that the defendant was treated as one of the family. Mr. Bicketts said it was only fair to tell the magistrate that last week the defendant's father contended that the indenture was bad, as, although he was a party to the covenant, he had not signed. That he need not remind the court, did not make the indenture bad as against the defendant, and that all it did was to preclude the master from suing the father for the performance of the covenant. The defendant treated the matter with the greatest indifference, and said he wished to say nothing. Mr. Barker said the defendant must be taught that he could not do as he pleased with his master, and then sentenced him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for fourteen days. It would also be as well for him to know that he was liable to be sent to prison for three calendar months, and to be whipped if he did not obey the lawful commands of his employer. The father of the defendant stated that he was a great shame that his son should be sent to prison. Mr. Bicketts said he hoped the father would tell his son to go back to his work when he came out of prison, or he would render himself liable to the severe penalty mentioned by the magistrate.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

STENOGRAPHER AGAINST CHIEF.—William Thompson, about 28 years old, was charged on remand with stealing, in Oxford-street, on Friday last, a pocket handkerchief from Mr. Lytham, a county magistrate, residing in Cornwall-terrace, Regent's-park. The prisoner said that he did take the handkerchief, but that he was very badly off at the time. A constable stated that the prisoner in 1857 was charged for a robbery, and since that time he had struggled to obtain an honest livelihood. He had been in the 11th Hussars, and since he left the army he had worked for different persons, but he had only worked for them for short periods, some for six weeks and some for two months. He added that in the early part of 1861 he went to America and served in the army of the Northern States, was in several engagements, promoted, and subsequently returned to this country. He had endeavoured since to gain an honest livelihood. If the magistrate would deal mercifully towards him, his sister had promised to assist him back to New York, where he might do better than here, and he would promise not to return. But for the fact that he was in want, he would not have transgressed again. Boden, one of the officers of the court, said he believed, from what he had been informed, that the prisoner's statement was quite true. He said he believed it to be the case of a man formerly convicted of crime using desperate efforts to get out of a life of crime. He had made up his mind to let the prisoner go altogether, trusting by God's mercy that he would turn from the path he had got into. He believed the prisoner had been truly unfortunate, that he had wrestled against crime and that he had made every exertion to get an honest living. The prisoner then left the court with his sister and his wife, he having only been married a few months.

STREET PREACHING.—The Rev. Mr. Hibbs, the person complained of a few days ago by Sir R. Gorden for causing an obstruction in the Portland-road on Sunday mornings, by preaching to a large crowd of persons, attended before Mr. Tyrwhitt. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: I beg to call your worship's attention to the report of the case in the papers of last Wednesday, and to state that I attended here on Thursday and saw your colleagues, who desired me to attend here to-day and to state to you what I had to say. Mr. Tyrwhitt: What have I to do with the report? The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: I wish to know if it is correct. I shall not answer the question. I regard it as a lie. I have nothing to do with the report. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: I wish to know whether Sir R. W. Gorden charges me with making it a rule to abuse the rich? Mr. Tyrwhitt: Who and what are you? Are you the person who, attired as a clergyman, preaches in the Portland-road? The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: Yes, I am. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I have nothing to do with the press, and the last thing in the world a magistrate thinks of doing is to attempt to control it. Are you a clergyman? The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: Yes, of the Church of England. I was ordained at Lincoln Cathedral by Dr. Kaye. [Here the applicant least forward, and threw an envelope with his name upon it towards the magistrate.] Mr. Tyrwhitt: You had better stand in the same place as Sir R. Gorden did when he made his statement. You are assuming too much for the position in which you stand. The applicant then stood. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: I wish to know whether Sir R. Gorden said, "He makes it a rule to abuse the rich, and frequently points towards Trinity Church, and says, 'There is a church full of aristocrats.'"

Mr. Tyrwhitt: Something of that kind was said. I do not keep a register of what is said. You must settle it with the reporters. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: Will you say what charges were brought against me by Sir R. Gorden? Mr. Tyrwhitt: I will do nothing of the kind. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: I wish to know whether a clergyman is to be abused in such a manner. It has already done me great injury. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Many extraordinary persons get into the Church of England nowadays. If you have been libelled, you know what to do. There, that will do; I have nothing more to say to you. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: I wish to state— Mr. Tyrwhitt: I have nothing more to say. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs: All I wish to say is that the statement in question is false. The Rev. Mr. Hibbs then retired. A person who had accompanied him exclaimed from the back of the court, "Take out a summons at once against him" (meaning Sir R. Gorden).

A POULTRIC CHARGED WITH A BRUTAL ASSAULT ON A FEMALE.—Joe Goss, a pugilist, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with the following brutal assault on a young female, named Fora Hamilton. The complainant, an unfortunate woman, who gave her evidence weaned, and seemed to be suffering great pain, said: As I was going along Leicester-square this morning about two o'clock, on my way home, I met a friend of mine in company of the prisoner. I spoke to my friend, and the prisoner tried to kiss me. I pushed him away, and he then called me a most offensive name, following it up by striking me some blows in the face, and then kicking me in the groin, the pain caused by the kick being so great that my legs were quite drawn up. I was taken to the Charing-cross Hospital, and then told to go home and apply warm fomentations, and to attend again this morning, but having to attend to some business, I was unable to do so. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Had you said anything to the prisoner before? Prisoner: Yes, I said, "You are a good-looking woman, and I have never seen him before. Prisoner: I was along with a gentleman in Leicester-square, and she came behind us and caught hold of my friend. The gentleman asked me not to leave him, and she then came up again, and pulled me. Mr. Tyrwhitt: You were preserving your friend? Prisoner: Yes. She put my finger in her mouth, and bit it. Complainant: On my oath I did not do it. He was dragging my friend along at the time. The constable saw him knock me down. Farmer, O division, said that while in Leicester-square, about half past two that morning, he saw the complainant and the prisoner standing together. He heard a blow, and saw the prisoner kick the complainant. She fell to the pavement, and he afterwards took the prisoner to the station, another constable 87 G taking the complainant to the Charing-cross Hospital. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Have you any witnesses, prisoner? Prisoner: I have not. Mr. Tyrwhitt: You are not being able to get what they wish, punish females in any way, complainant has been. I shall commit you for six weeks, with hard labour.

THAMES.

A SAILOR AMONGST LAND SHARKS.—Christian Anderson, a journeyman seaman, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of himself in that horrible place, Bugeat-fields, Shadwell, where numerous sailors have been plundered and ill-used. Police-constable No. 150 K said that he found the prisoner on Saturday night lying on the ground in the street called Bugeat-fields, Shadwell. The unfortunate man was drunk and speechless, and was without his hat, coat, waistcoat, waistcoat, and boots. Mr. Paget: Stripped in a brothel and turned out into the street? Yes, sir, very common there. The prisoner was robbed of his money and all his clothes, except his trousers, and bundled into the street. Paget: Have you been able to discover who robbed this poor fellow? Witness: No, sir. Mr. Paget: Nor the infamous brothel where he has been robbed? Witness: No, sir. Mr. Paget said the imprudence and indiscretion of sailors was proverbial. He was very sorry the prisoner had been plundered of his hard earnings, and his clothes, and hoped it would be a warning to him to keep out of the way of such parties in future. He discharged the prisoner, who had been provided with clothes by his landlord.

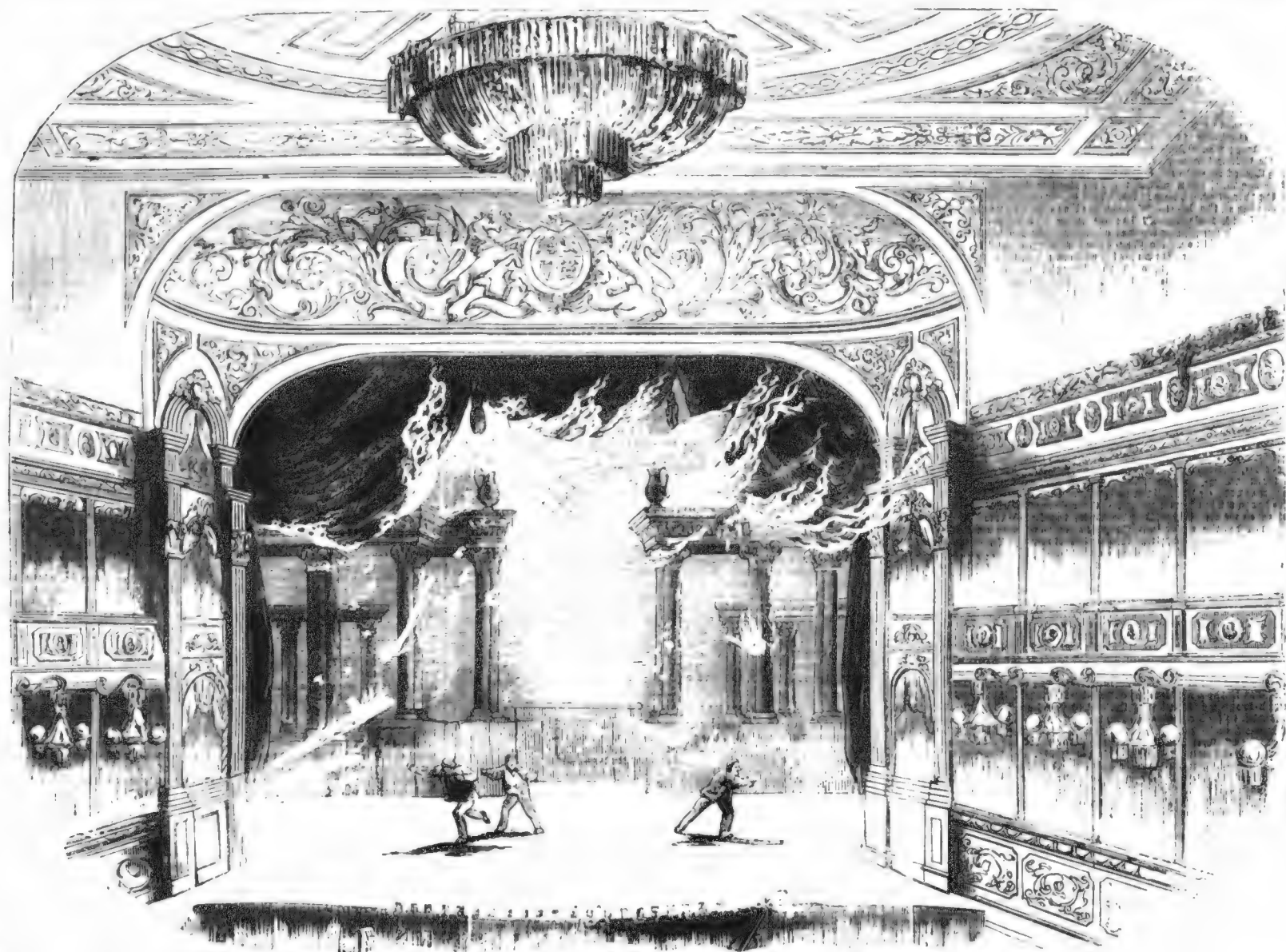
SOUTHWARK.

STRANGE DISCOVERY.—Catherine Warren, a dissipated-looking woman, who for many years has been on the business of a saleswoman in the Borough-market, was charged with assaulting the Rev. John Davis with a pistol in the Hand-in-Hand beer-shop, Duke-street, London-bridge. The complainant, who had a severe cut on the right eye, said he was a clerk in holy orders and at present resided at Oliphant. He had, however, previously lodged in the vicinity of the Borough-market, and in his vocation became acquainted with the prisoner. On Saturday night, about a quarter past eleven o'clock, he was sitting in the Hand-in-Hand beer-shop, in Duke-street, near the London-bridge Railway Terminus, when the prisoner came in, and without saying a word seized his jag of ale and threw the contents over him. Before he could recover himself she threw the pot at him, and it struck him near the right eye, cutting him severely. She then rushed out of the house, but she was pursued by the waiter and given into custody. Witness: About two years ago, I was short time ago took out a summons against her at this court for assaulting her, but I did nothing of the kind and the charge was not proceeded with. Mr. Woolrych: Then I suppose you have been very intimate with her? Witness: Not exactly that, sir; but she is always annoying me. I cannot go anywhere in my district without being watched by her. She is always drunk. On Saturday night she never spoke to me, but threw the beer over me and then threw the pot at my head. Prisoner: What he has stated is false. I went to him on Saturday night and asked him to get my carpet bag out of pledge, and to pay me the £1 I had paid for the summons, as he called on me a few days ago and begged me to forgive him. He is a very bad man, and for two years he has hunted me up. He has lived at my expense nearly all that time, and I can't get rid of him. All I want of him is my carpet bag and other things, which he pledged for gin and beer. Mr. Woolrych (to complainant): Did you go to the prisoner and beg her forgiveness, and ask her not to appear against you on the summons? Witness: I went to her house on Thursday, but I did not ask her to forgive me. I told her that she had better withdraw the summons. I did not pay her the £1. Mr. Woolrych: Did you pledge her carpet bag for gin? Witness: I was pledged, and some beer and gin was purchased with the money. I drank some of it with her. Mr. Woolrych: Are you not in possession of any benefit? Witness: No, sir. I am at present employed at a school at Oliphant. I deny living upon the prisoner, or hunting her up. She was in the habit of hunting me up. William Williams, a waiter at the Hand-in-Hand beer and coffee-house, Duke-street, said he recollected the Rev. Mr. Davis coming into the parlour on Saturday night. While he was sitting there the prisoner came in. Without speaking a word she snatched up a pint pot, and, after casting all the beer over him, threw the pot at his head, and then rushed out of the house. The witness pursued the prisoner and gave her into custody. Police-constable 37 M said that about half-past eleven on Saturday night he was called to the Hand-in-Hand beer-shop, where he saw the complainant bleeding from a cut over the eye. The witness then came up with the prisoner, and she was given into his custody for assaulting the complainant. Both complainant and defendant were under the influence of liquor. The prisoner, in defence, admitted the assault, and said that the complainant threw a glass of scalding hot whiskey and water over her face on Tuesday night. She, however, did not intend that the pot should have cut him. It slipped out of her hand. Mr. Woolrych said he had nothing to do with the mode of living or previous conduct of either of them, but the present was a most unpalatable result committed with great violence. He should therefore sentence the prisoner to two months' hard labour. The prisoner hoped the magistrate would give her the option of paying a fine. The complainant had nearly ruined her by his conduct. Mr. Woolrych had nothing to do with their previous transactions, and he should not alter the sentence. The prisoner was accordingly committed.

KNOCKING A POLICEMAN'S EYE OUT.—John Sullivan, a powerful-looking young fellow, and well-known thief, was brought up in custody of Brickles, a detective officer of the M division, charged with committing a cowardly and brutal assault upon Jonathan Smith, a police-constable of the A Reserve, and knocking his right eye completely out, thereby causing him to lose the sight of it. Brylen, the officer, informed his worship that the injured officer was on sick leave, and now in the country, under medical treatment. It appeared he was on duty in Union-street in the month of August last, about one o'clock in the morning, when he was suddenly attacked by the prisoner, who knocked him down, and while on the ground he struck his right eye out. The officer was assisted to the station-house, and the divisional surgeon attended him, and replaced the eye, and he was afterwards taken to the hospital, where he received every attention, but unfortunately for him the sight of the eye was irretrievably gone. Witness had been in search of the prisoner ever since, but he heard nothing of him until the previous night, when he apprehended him in a public-house in Newington-caneway. The magistrate asked whether he had any witnesses who saw anything of the transaction? Witness replied in the affirmative, when Joseph Dickinson, a bargeman, reluctantly gave the following evidence. He said one morning between one and two o'clock, at the end of August, he was proceeding along Union-street to Westminster, where his barge was moored, for the purpose of taking a load down the river. While passing the Monument public-house he saw the constable Smith of the A division, on his beat, and the prisoner said something to him. The constable went on, but had not proceeded far when the prisoner rushed at him and knocked him down. They both fell together, and he heard the officer call out for help. Witness went up, when the prisoner ran off. He picked the constable up and assisted him to the station-house, where he saw his right eye cut out bleeding. Early this morning he was called to the station, where he picked the prisoner out of several others. He was sure he was the man who attacked the officer. Inspector Manson asked for a remand, to enable him to communicate with the injured officer, who would attend on a future day. The prisoner, who denies the charge altogether, was remanded until Monday next.

LAMBETH.

A HARD CASE.—Mrs. Jackson, the widow of John Jackson, late and for nine years a porter in the service of the South-Western Railway Company, at the Nine-elms Station, applied to Mr. Elliott for his advice and assistance under the following distressing and suspicious circumstances. The applicant said that three years last February she insured the life of her husband in "The English Life Assurance and Advance Company (Limited)" for £15, and paid on the premium regularly, amounting to about 18s. a year. In February last she increased the sum to £18 and received a policy for that amount, and this increased the premium to 17s. 6d. per annum, and she paid up regularly, and certainly never allowed her payments to extend to a forfeiture. The applicant had also insured two of her children in the same office, and paid the premium on them, as well as that of her husband, to Mr. J. E. Moring, whose name appeared on the books as the "agent," and whose address was 2, Bedford-row, Walworth-road. On the evening of the Monday before Mr. Moring called on her as usual for the premium, and she then not only informed him of the death of her husband, which took place the day before, but allowed him to see the body. He (Mr. Moring) expressed regret at the death, said it was only a week since he had a glass of ale with him, and promised to call the next day with the necessary documents to enable her to receive the £18 at the office, and thus enable her to bury her husband respectably. The following day and two days after passed over without her seeing or hearing anything of him. Her suspicions, therefore, became aroused, and she in consequence went to No. 2 Bedford-row, but no Mr. Moring was to be found there. The house is occupied by a respectable tradesman, who informed her that no person of the name of Moring had lived there to his knowledge, and if he had it must have been a long time ago. She (applicant) next hastened to 18, Queen-street, Chancery, where she executed to find the English Life Assurance Company's office, but was equally disappointed, for no such office was there, nor could she get from the persons making there the slightest intimation if such an office was in existence, or where it was to be found. Mr. Elliott, after looking over the policy, which was a large and flashy looking printed document, with a forger's stamp appended, observed that the affair looked exceedingly suspicious, and very like a cruel and heartless fraud, and placed the applicant in the hands of an active officer to make the necessary inquiries into the matter and report the result to him on a future day.



DISCOVERY OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE FEARFUL FIRE AT THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.

THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.—LOSS OF SIX LIVES.

[From the *Scotsman* of Saturday.]

For very many years no fire so terrible in its incidents and results as that which yesterday destroyed the Theatre Royal has occurred in Edinburgh, whether as regards the swiftness, extent, and completeness of the catastrophe, or the deplorable consequences to human life with which it has been attended. Buildings devoted to theatrical purposes are so liable to destruction by the element with which those who conduct them are constrained to produce their most popular effects, that, when a theatre is burned, the feeling is less one of surprise than of thankfulness that the calamity did not fall upon a house crowded with happy hundreds. When the Adelphi—which once occupied the very ground that yesterday's fire has left covered by a huge and shapeless mass of charred and smoking ruin—was burned, eleven years ago, the theatre was empty, and no injury to life took place; and we cannot but consider it matter for more than simple satisfaction—for profound gratitude—that the fire of yesterday did not break out two or three hours later. What would have been the effect of a mere alarm of fire in a theatre filled, as it is nightly filled at this season, with a crowd in which the most feeble and the most timid are in the great majority, it is terrible to fancy; and how intense would have been the horror, and how wide-spread the mourning, had the alarm been merely the prelude to the awful conflagration witnessed yesterday. There is, even as it is, loss enough of valuable lives to deplore; but while lamenting that so many brave men have fallen in a fight that does equal honour to their humanity and their courage, it is well that we should be grateful for the infinitely more fearful danger and suffering escaped.

The swiftness of the progress of the fire would be incredible, but that it may almost be considered the rule in events of the kind. At half-past three in the afternoon, men who quitted their work behind the scenes—having completed in their several departments the arrangements for the evening's pantomime—saw and felt no evidence of fire. In about fifteen minutes afterwards a light overhead, more intense than that of the gas-jets that had been lighted, startled some of the men who remained, and in little beyond fifteen minutes more, the stage and partially the audience part of the house were wrapped in one huge mass of flame. In less than an hour after the fire had been discovered the roof had fallen in, and all hope of saving any part of the building was from the very first given up. Between half-past four and five the conflagration reached its most intense and most splendid point. From wall to wall the theatre was rolling with turbulent flame, suggesting the volume of a river in heavy flood; and the flames, overflowing the walls that bounded them, leaped, and retired only to leap farther, through windows and doorways and gaping roof. At a little distance, the volumes of light smoke that rose from the crackling woodwork and the stilly but swiftly blazing draperies, appeared illuminated by the vivid and broad fires beneath like fleecy golden clouds; and when the roof fell crashing in, and the flames—suppressed, or rather compressed, for a moment—soared up again with new force, and to a height unreachd before, the spectacle was awful in its grandeur. Nearer the scene the excitement of danger went far to curb the involuntary half-savage admiration with which the activity of the flames was watched. On the south wall of the building every window glowed with the most intense flame—producing an effect which recalled most singularly, while it dwarfed almost into

ridiculous proportions, the sensation scene of the house on fire in the "Streets of London," which only the other week was presented within the building. The upper windows of the houses immediately adjoining the theatre on the west, as well as of those on the other side of Little King-street, were bright with flame—not reflected, but caught, from the raging sea of fire opposite and below. Window-sashes, slates, fragments of masonry and carpenter work, and all the dismal debris of such a fiery storm, fell on the ground from the blazing building; while the pavement and street below the burning dwelling-houses were made very dangerous by the fall of glass and slates, and the frantic and heedless casting-over of articles of furniture by the inhabitants of the storeys threatened with destruction. The immense crowds that speedily gathered—and whom it was almost impossible for the police, with the utmost energy and the best management, to keep from incurring danger to themselves, or impeding the operations of the firemen—added, by their shouts and cries, and the indescribable buzz of anxious interest so natural to the occasion, to the excitement and confusion; and the reflection of flames from the windows of the houses at safe distance, as the twilight deepened, threw back the thoughts of the spectators with anxiety and even awe to the fearful centre and cause of the whole intensely exciting scene.

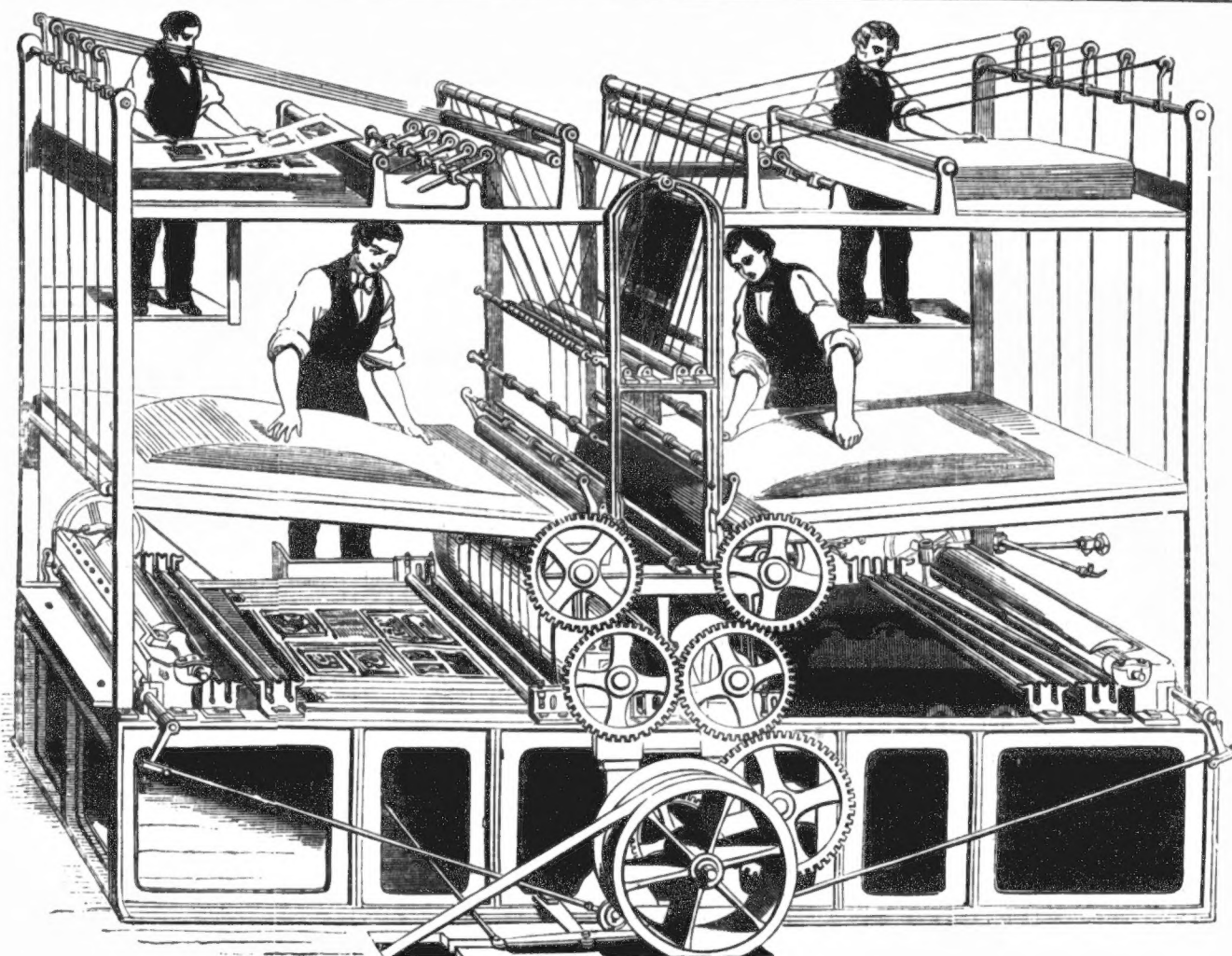
The fearless and skilful exertions of the firemen were not long in removing the danger of destruction which so nearly threatened the buildings on the south side of the theatre; but on the north side new dangers presented themselves. The long north wall, left almost without support, began to lean outward, and to menace with ruin St. Mary's Catholic Chapel, immediately beyond. A tall and heavy chimney-stack about the middle of the wall, which had gradually leaned more and more from the perpendicular, fell, a little after five o'clock, with a loud dull crash, on the roof of a little oratory or side-chapel, which projected from the south side of the main edifice. The little building was crushed like an egg; two firemen were caught in the ruin before they had time to run, at the alarm, into safety; and a number of others, firemen, priests, &c., engaged in saving property, or in seeking to prevent the flames from extending towards the church, made very narrow escapes—Bishop Strain being, we believe, the nearest of the fugitives to the falling ruin, and receiving around him part of the dust and lighter rubbish of the fall. It was soon found that the church was safe from the fire; but the bulging wall, through whose windows the ruddy flames could be seen leaping and writhing as if they sought to hasten its fall, still impended over the chapel; and there were no means of preventing the catastrophe. About six o'clock the crash came. Those who saw it shrank and shook and held their breath; to those who did not see it, but who knew and had been listening for what was to come, the shock was even more awe-inspiring. Twice the long, dull, rumbling crash of the falling masonry came, actually causing the ground to tremble; and it was known that the roof of St. Mary's had been crushed in. But the impression made by the sound of the falling wall was soon deepened by the mournful rumour, proved only too well grounded, that several men had been overwhelmed by and were buried beneath the ruins; and when it became known that those so suddenly and fearfully swept out of life had been, in full knowledge of their imminent danger, busy in the noble task of endeavouring to save the living one of the two men whom the fall of the chimney-stack had jammed among the timbers of the little chapel, it was impossible to avoid a shock of a deeper emotion. The men who died thus, and in this cause, have died well; for if it be noble for the soldier to lose life on a battle-field,

in the brave infliction of mortal hurt on his fellow men for the cause and at the command of country—how much more noble and more proud, and at the same time more sad, the fate of those who, impelled by no duty but that of humanity, peril and lose their own lives in the endeavour to save other life. This grievous calamity gives its great bitterness to the event of yesterday; for a hundred theatres will be rebuilt before the loss which their friends and fellow-townsmen have been called to bear in the deaths of these gallant men can be made good.

The fire broke out shortly before four o'clock. Being the pantomime season, when rehearsals are light, and there is little to be done in the theatre beyond adjusting the scenery, and preparing the stage for the evening's performance, there was nobody in the building but a few of the ordinary artificers, whose duty it is to see the house lighted up.

The fire is said to have originated in the following manner:—Shortly before the hour mentioned above, Cassey, a gasman connected with the establishment, proceeded, in the discharge of his ordinary afternoon duty, to light up the rows of gas-jets which run along what are called the "borders," or little strips of painted canvas which are stretched across the tops of the scenes, to hide the machinery behind. These "border" lights, which are intended to cast a powerful reflection on the stage, are generally lit up before the men go to tea; and it appears that yesterday afternoon Cassey commenced to do this a little earlier than usual, in consequence of last night being intended to be what is called a "juvenile night," when the pantomime precedes the other entertainments. He had lit up the second row of border lights all right, and was lighting up the first, when the border accidentally caught fire—an occurrence which is said to have happened on former occasions without serious consequences, the border having been torn away in time to prevent the fire spreading. On this occasion, however, the flames spread so rapidly that the man was unable to get the border down in time, and he rushed along the "flies," or wooden stages upon which the men walk when regulating the scenery, and called to his assistants the head carpenter, Stewart, an assistant named Glen, and Syme, the fireman. The men had been adjusting the scenes for the pantomime when the alarm was given, and they at once ran to use every possible means, by cutting down the borders and backing away the side scenes, to prevent the fire gaining too great a mastery in the "flies," which had become ignited. Syme, the most experienced of the men, tried to adjust the hose, in order to put out the fire by means of the plentiful supply of water which is kept in tanks and pails in readiness for such an emergency. While thus engaged with the hose, Syme was unfortunately overcome by the dense smoke, and the other men ran to rescue him. Meanwhile the flames spread with almost incredible rapidity, and the scenes, on account of the oils and turpentine applied to the canvas by the brush of the painter, were in a few minutes wrapped in a sheet of flame; the wooden "grooves" and stagings aloft quickly caught the flames, and the fire was speedily roaring to the roof, fed by the draughts which invariably invade theatres. So rapid was the conflagration that the few men in the house had barely time to escape, after they saw their attempts to extinguish the flames were hopeless. Stewart, the head carpenter, fell in one of the galleries, overcame a second time by the smoke, but was aided by his comrades, and they all got uninjured out of the building.

Mr. Wyndham, the lessee of the theatre, was yesterday in London. Mrs. Wyndham had left the theatre at half-past three o'clock, a few minutes before the fire broke out, and proceeded to Ainslie-



PRINTING THE "PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS."

place to visit her daughter there, and on her way back she was informed that the theatre was on fire. Messrs Edward and Richard Baker, brothers of Mrs. Wyndham, also left the theatre for a walk shortly after four o'clock, at which time no symptom of the dreadful calamity had manifested itself. They had proceeded only as far as Prince's-street, when they received intelligence from a passer-by that the theatre was on fire. Amazed at the news, they hurried back to test the reliability of the report, and discovered that it was but too true. They found it impossible to enter the theatre by the back entrance, and as it was, even at this early stage, but too evident that the fire would prove destructive, they lost no time in organizing measures with the view of saving as much property as time would allow. Procuring a ladder, they proceeded to the wardrobe-room, which was situated at the front of the theatre, facing Broughton-street, and immediately above the shop of Mr. McDonald, spirit-dealer. A very large quantity of valuable silk, velvet, satin, and other dresses, besides "properties" of various descriptions, was stored in this room, and to save these they vigorously applied themselves, aided by a number of the spectators. Dresses and costumes of every description, quality, and colour were hastily bundled through the broken windows, and placed in vans, which had been procured for the purpose.

The properties of the theatre, we understand, are insured for above £3,000; and the theatre was also insured, but not to the full extent. We believe that the properties were formerly insured in the Norwich Insurance office for £3,000 or £4,000; but after the burning down of the Theatre Royal Glasgow, the Norwich Insurance Company requested Mr. Wyndham to withdraw his policies at the next May term, on the ground that the directors believed it to be an unsafe business. The insurance was then divided between the Phoenix and North British Companies, but we understand that other insurance offices took a share of the liability. There can be no doubt that the loss to Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham above the sum

insured is very great, and we believe it is estimated at between £5,000 and £6,000.

On the rubbish being cleared away, six bodies were extricated from the ruins of the chandelier, through the roof of which part of the north wall of the theatre fell. The following is a list of the names of the sufferers:—

Mr. George Lorimer, dean of guild, aged fifty-four.
Mr. John Taylor, builder, St. James's-square, age unknown.
Mr. Thomas Henry Leake, Union-place, clerk to Mr. Tod, painter, Dundas-street, aged twenty-six.
John Clark, mason, Middle Arthur-place, aged sixty-seven, and who had served eighteen years in the fire brigade.
Bernard M'Vie, labourer, Lawnmarket, aged thirty-six.
George Sweeney, gentleman's servant, 15, Leopold-place, aged sixty-seven.

The body of Mr. Lorimer was discovered lying immediately above that of Mr. M'Vie. They were both lying on their faces, as if they had been running from the falling mass when they were overwhelmed.

OUR PRINTING MACHINE.

THE above engraving represents the printing machine of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS. In the left hand bottom compartment will be seen the "formes," as they are technically termed, of the paper—that is, the types and blocks of illustrations. These have been "locked up" tightly in their "chases"—iron squares about three quarters of an inch thick. Two of these pages spread out would represent the size of these "chases," and while the sheet is going through the machine the margin of these pages would come exactly over these iron chases, and which, being lower than the height of the type, consequently leave no impression.

These "formes" are firmly secured on the bed, or "platen," of the machine to prevent them shifting from their position. This "platen" runs backwards and forwards on grooves and small iron wheels, and in travelling from one end to the other first passes under the inking-rollers, which are seen on either side; and by the time the "formes" pass from under the inking-rollers the "drop-bar" from other parts of the machinery has caught hold of the sheet of paper which one of the men has gradually smoothed off from the heap, so that the "drop-bar" should take but one sheet at the time. The "drop-bar," on falling on the edge of the sheet, after taking it to the tapes, immediately relaxes its hold, and leaves the sheet to be carried on by tapes—regulated to fall at the margin of these pages—and then rise again to take off another sheet, to be conveyed away in a similar manner.

The men "laying on" these sheets are called the "feeders," and the faster the machine is set to work the more expeditious must they be in meeting the "drop-bar" at the very moment. On being taken off and relaxed by the "drop-bar," the sheets are taken on by the tapes, under the cylinders, where they receive the impression of the types and illustrations, and are then carried on, and again over the heads of the "feeders," to be "taken off," already printed, by other men.

The number printed per hour by this machine is from 1,500 to 2,000. Illustrations cannot be printed at so rapid a rate as types alone, as more care has to be exercised in the printing.

On our establishment there are ten of these machines almost constantly at work. They are not, however, all of the same construction. In some the "feeders" are above those "taking off." Our largest machines are called "eight feeders." Some are "four feeders," while the above is only a "two feeder."

We have simplified our description as much as possible; but a glance at the machine when in actual working would give a greater insight into "the art" than columns of writing could express.

Literature.

UNTO THE END.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

It was evening under Italian skies. The brilliant sun of Italy was setting in clouds of amethyst and rose, gilding the lofty casements of a private palace, on the Tiber, where a noble warrior lay dying.

The room was splendidly decorated. Heavy brocade curtains, embroidered in gold and silver, fell, fold on fold, from the lofty windows. A carpet of rich velvet covered the floor, hushing the tread of the attendants' feet. Magnificent pictures hung by golden cords from the carved ceiling, and graceful statuary filled every nook and corner. An easel stood on one side, covered by a cloth of gold, and fastened tightly behind, so that no curious eye could pierce to the face hidden beneath it.

This splendid chamber was the home of the young Lord Harold Vere; he who stood with folded arms, looking sadly and gloomily down upon the dying warrior. Many noble cavaliers stood around the bed of death; princes of noble blood, with sad brows and heaving breasts; but they could not stay the fast departing spirit or even eke his being out by one short hour.

A white-haired monk stood close by the sufferer, holding over his head the cross—the symbol of his faith—and murmuring prayers in low monotone.

Kneeling beside the bed, her dark hair trailing the floor, was the young Agnes Cordosi, the sole daughter of Carlo Cordosi. The slender frame trembled, and the bowed head sank lower and lower. The dying man laid his hand upon the shivering head.

"Thou wilt tear up bravely, Agnes; thou wilt be a true woman—Cordosi's own brave daughter."

But a moan broke in upon the words, and Cordosi sank back upon the pillows in the agonies of death.

"Thou wilt not leave me, oh, my father! Thy Agnes could never live alone!"

"Never alone, Agnes, mia; henceforth Harold Vere will be husband, father, all, to thee."

The girl sprang to her feet.

"Henceforth? Is Carlo Cordosi dead? Has that towering form, that great intellect, yielded to the mighty spell of death? I had thought that death would have spared thee, oh, my father!"

Rough warriors drew their hands across their brows, saying, "Oh that death could have spared him! That he, our leader, should lie here before us dead!"

And eyes full of pain looked from one to the other in hopeless grief.

Again the suffering girl sprang to her feet.

"Dead! Who says he is dead? You mistake, men; he has but fainted. Bring him restoratives, quickly; we cannot spare the gallant Cordosi—his Agnes cannot spare him, his followers cannot spare him. Who would lead them in the battles against the enemies of Italy? Who would speak hopeful, cheering words when your hearts were fainting? You do not answer me. Who says, 'Alas Cordosi is dead!' Know you not he is but resting? He was weary after the battle; my brave father. Hail! Harold Vere, my father whispers 'Agnes!'"

A faint spasm passed over the excited girl, and she was prevented from falling only by the young Lord Vere.

"Carry her into your mother's chamber, Vere; this is no place for her."

The young man bore his senseless burden from the room, waving the attendants off when they would have taken her, and laid her upon a soft couch, then knelt by her side.

"O Agnes, Agnes, my beautiful one, if I could only bear this sorrow for thee."

A lady of noble presence, attired in heavy silk and gleaming jewels, entered softly.

"See this stricken flower, mamma; sorrow has not spared even my beautiful one."

For answer the stately lady said, "Ah, Harold mio, thy mother's heart is grieved for thee, boy. This American daughter of Cordosi will never love thee."

"She loves me now, mother," and he drew the beautiful head to his breast.

The cries, far more than the lady's restoratives, caused the dark eyes to open, and wander anxiously over the faces of mother and son.

"Agnes, cari sima—"

But the lady, seeing the girl cover her face with her hands, moved him away, and herself essayed to comfort the orphan.

In royal state Cordosi was laid to rest, and then his daughter prepared to leave Italy.

Though but one-and-twenty, Agnes had already passed through the mystic gate that separates girlhood and womanhood; and no orphaned and desolate, she dared not yet look closely into the dim future, the long stretch of years that seemed so lonely; only one thing she had decided upon—to return to her mother's land, America. Though born of an Italian sire, Agnes had passed the first twelve years of her life in America. Three-and-twenty years before, Carlo Cordosi had wooed and won the beautiful Agnes Howard, then residing in Italy with her parents.

But the flower transplanted from the free soil of America did not flourish in the land soaked with the blood of patriots and philosophers struggling for liberty. Like an eagle drooping in captivity, the fair American grew weaker and frailer every day spent within the beautiful land subjugated by tyrants, and subdued by a despotic aristocracy and degrading monarchical customs. Accord-

ingly, she sought her native land, if only to die, and be laid in its blessed soil.

Before her eyes closed for the last time on all that she loved on earth, the Countess Cordosi had her little daughter brought to her bedside, and in the presence of her weeping husband made the child promise that, when she arrived at maturity, she would seek her native land, and wed only one who loved its institutions and customs.

After her mother's death, her father, the noble Count Carlo Cordosi, returned with his child-daughter to Italy. But young Agnes never forgot her mother or the solemn vow she made.

Agnes stood upon the terrace with her lover, a few days after her father's death.

"Thou wilt not leave me, Agnes mia. I will kiss thy tears away as they fall, and make thy every hour happy. Thou wilt trust me, Agnes?"

But even as he spoke, an anxious look was in his eyes, and his brow was full of care.

She raised her arm with a deprecating gesture.

"It may not be, Harold. I cannot be your wife; and yet, O Harold Vere, I have never loved but thee."

"I cannot live without thee, Agnes. I cannot see thee day after day, and never call thee mine."

"Thou wilt not, Harold. When a fitting vessel sails, I will leave for America, my mother's land."

"And there wed one of America's sons, who, they tell me, are good at pleading with the tongue?"

"Nay, Harold mio, Agnes Cordosi will wed none but thee—if not thee, then will she never wed."

"My own!"

"Nay, Harold, thou knowest on what conditions."

A fortnight later she parted from her lover and came with some friends to the United States. In New York, her mother's brother, Algernon Howard, met her, extending a father's welcome to his sister's child. Arrived in Philadelphia, aunt and cousins greeted her with warm affection.

And now the new life is begun, which might have been happy could she have banished the thought of Harold Vere. Agnes is strong and brave; yet she is but a woman, with a woman's loving heart and yearning spirit, and her thoughts will wander over the broad Atlantic, to where one is living, too, by sufferance, with his life halved because of his love for her.

"It is not likely we shall ever meet," she says, and so she tries to forget him; but, in spite of her efforts, there will come a pair of dark eyes between her and every other face.

Many noble men strove to win the beautiful girl; but she turned quickly and sadly from them all. Her aunt was in despair. Her own two pretty, blooming girls were already promised in marriage, and she longed to see the fair orphan girl her husband loved so well as happy as they. But Agnes could not love when she had none to give. She had never spoken Harold's name, but hid her love in her heart, pressing closer and closer the thorn that was piercing her. It was the night of a grand fête at the elegant home of General George Berne. Agnes and her cousins were among the guests. There was one in that grand company who had loved her long and well—General Berne's only son and heir. This night he had decided to know his fate, though he was fearful as to the issue; for Edgar Berne was not a vain man, and Agnes had always warned off any words of love he had essayed to speak.

"I can never love again," she would say, when communing with herself in her lonely hours. "I will be faithful to Harold while life lasts, even unto the end."

But others admired the stately Agnes besides young Berne, and the evening passed without his being able to see her alone. He was glad afterwards; for in his mad love for her he had forgotten that it would be ungenerous to press his suit in his own home.

It was Agnes' habit to rise early. So, on the morning after the fête, she sat by the library window enjoying the fragrance of the morning. If possible, she looked more beautiful than on the night before, with her simple white wrapper tied about the waist with a silken cord, and her dark hair braided plainly back. She took a small miniature from her bosom, and pressed it passionately to her lips, murmuring tenderly, "Oh, Harold. Harold! how can I live without thee? Is it worth while to suffer this wretchedness, this separation, for a difference of opinion? Could I not, as his beloved wife, win him to my country? No, no, my poor mother hoped the same, but hoped in vain. And yet, oh, Harold! my spirit yearns for thee! My soul goes out over land and sea, to blend with thine! I cannot stay it—I would not if I could. And yet this is all wrong. I must be faithful—faithful to the end."

She bowed her head upon the window-ledge, and moaned aloud. A step upon the gravel walk startled her; and, looking up quickly, Edgar Berne stood before her.

Agnes recovered her composure quickly, and rising, extended her hand, bidding him be seated.

"Agnes, I have come thus early, because I have learned through my sister your habit of early rising, and because I leave in an hour for Washington, where pressing business calls me, and must know my fate before I go. Agnes, I am a man of few words, and am here to tell you—what you have, perhaps, already divined—that I love you. You are the first woman I have ever loved Agnes. I lay the first fruits of my heart at your feet."

He stopped, pale with intense feeling; but it did not need further words to tell Agnes she was beloved.

"Your answer, Agnes?"

"Oh, Mr. Berne! take back your words; for it cannot, cannot be. I have no love to give. Believe me, the knowledge that you love me has brought me bitter pain. I respect and esteem you above most men; but love I have none to give!"

"Could you not give me some hope for the future, Agnes? I can wait. Jacob served seven years for Rachel. I can serve twice seven for you, Agnes."

"It is impossible!"

And Agnes bowed her face and wept.

Edgar Berne grew pale as death, and, strong man as he was, his hand trembled as he raised it to his brow. Agnes saw the action, and as he rose to go said, "Do not go yet, Mr. Berne. I owe it to you to explain why I cannot love you; that it will cost me something you will readily divine. I—I love another, Mr. Berne."

"Oh heaven! Not Elton Stanmore? I could not bear that!"

"No. It would be impossible for me to love Elton Stanmore. I learned to love one noble and good before I left Italy; but we are separated by a fate cruel as death."

Then briefly she told the story of her love for Harold Vere. Her pale cheek and quivering lip revealed what it cost her to lay bare her cherished secret. And while Edgar loved her the more that she too had suffered, he thanked her for her candour. Then they parted, as others have before them. And it is the saddest part of life to think how many hearts have been shipwrecked like to theirs.

Years passed away, going down in the murky shadow of other years that had gone before. Agnes' two cousins were married and settled in houses of their own, and she was left to comfort the "old folks," she said, "a veritable old maid."

Many letters had come over the sea from Lord Vere to Agnes, but the sorely-tried woman was firm. She knew that no happiness ever came from a union with those whose opinions differed so widely. It was a hard life, though; contrasting ever the what was with the what "might have been." There were hours when she longed with an unutterable longing for the presence of the man she loved, and who loved her—there is this charm to a woman—when to look into his kind eyes, feel his hands clasp hers, would be gay without measure. Then she put these away and looked only on the long stretch of years that lay before her, and the time when she would be an old woman, grey-haired, and full of peace, alone still,

but beyond the caring for it. But it was such a long, long time to wait with that loved face ever before her; those thronging memories that dull thud of coming footsteps behind her, which she was for ever hearing. She would put the face away, she would not listen to the footsteps, she would be brave and strong, living her life out as best she could.

It would have done very well, all this reasoning, if she had only not been a woman, with a woman's tender, loving heart, her exquisite sensibilities, her dependencies. Ah, to make a woman taught but what God has made her, you must first cast her into a crucible and make her over; throwing in much of wrong, misrepresentation, neglect, loneliness, and a thousand other things, else there is danger of her coming out pure gold, after all.

Three more years passed away; the world was just the same; there was no change on leaf or tree; the sunshine was as golden and soft; the flowers as fair. Time and waiting had stolen a part of the red from Agnes' cheek, a part of the light from her eyes, and a deal of hope from her heart; but it had given her a spiritual beauty impossible to describe.

When we meet her again after these three years, she is visiting in New York, in the house of her cousin, Mrs. Leonard Baker, which said lady swam on the very topmost wave of fashionable life; having, by her marriage with the elderly Englishman bearing that name, secured all the requisites so to swim, i.e., Fifth-avenue mansion, opera-box, earrings, diamonds, &c., &c. It was this lady's custom to draw around her, weekly, a select circle, including all the *dile* in her "set"—lions, foreign and native; literary characters; artists, finished conversationalists, &c., &c. It was on one of these nights that Agnes stood wearily robing herself for the show. She was tired of it all; tired of beautiful women and smiling men; of foreign monstrosities, and foreign tongues. She had changed much from the Agnes Cordosi of other days: she who carried her heart upon her lips, and believed men, women, and things were just what they seemed. She had learnt a trick of hiding her feelings, so that the world called her cold, haughty, and unfeeling; they could not see into her heart—its tenderness, its proud, passionate pulsations, its love and regrets; the world was not to blame.

Her cousin had said at dinner, "Dress yourself becomingly, Agnes, for the Count de Ligny and his friend are to be here tonight." Agnes curled her beautiful lip in scorn. What was this titled foreigner to her? She was tired of white satin and blue satin; of pink, purple, and amber, so she robed her queenly form in a dress of black lace. The flowing sleeves were caught up at the shoulders with ribbons, and glowing against the snow of her breast was a rose composed of the same blood-red jewels. They contrasted well with the sombre robe, and dark hair, and dark eyes. It was a unique and costly attire, and suited well the stately, proud-looking Agnes. Mrs. Baker entered, blazing in jewels, and brilliant in rose-coloured satin and rich lace.

"Way, Agnes! what a peculiar dress; but you look really splendid, my Lady Cordosi!"

When Agnes entered the elegant room, leaning upon the arm of her uncle, low murmurs of admiration followed her. "Glad she is beautiful," said the brainless, elegant Fitzsimmons; "Pity she is so cold and proud!" "Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured Edgar Berne, in a low tone, as a spasm of pain convulsed his face. Agnes was duly presented to the "Count," a handsomely got-up exquisite, and startled his highness by simply bowing and passing on with her uncle. His highness was astounded—such a thing had never happened to him before. She could not have heard his name. The heart of Agnes was not in this gay scene, and she soon withdrew. Crossing the hall, a servant told her a gentleman wished to see her in the library. She entered, wondering who it could be, hoping against hope, it was not Edgar Berne. The colour fled from her cheek, when she found herself face to face with Lord Harold Vere. He sprang towards her.

"Agnes! my precious Agnes!" and there fell on her ear low words and passionate supplications.

"I cannot, Harold! I must be faithful to my word, my promise—not for a day it ran, but to the end."

"There is no need to violate it," answered the noble Harold. "I have resolved to take thy people for my people—to resign title and rank, and become a simple American citizen."

Not in vain had been Agnes' prayers and patience. God never closes His ears to His children's cry; and now, when hope was well-nigh dead in her heart, and when she was in danger of becoming faithless and hopeless, God had brought to pass what she had been praying for all these years. They returned to the drawing-room, Agnes presenting Lord Vere to her astonished uncle and cousin as an old friend. The count was profuse in questions. Lord Vere had not met him six months previously, when he lay ill in France, where the really kind heart of the little count had shown itself. They had sailed in the same vessel; and, on the strength of the count's acquaintance with Mr. Baker, had been bidden to the feast. Lord Vere consented, reluctantly, but as some slight return for the count's kindness, to accompany him, knowing nothing of Agnes' connexion with the family.

Next day, Agnes presented Lord Vere to her family as her accepted lover, telling them as much of their history as she thought proper. All rejoiced with her and for her, even Edgar Berne. In his selfishness, he thought it was better to suffer alone than that two should suffer "unto the end." The end came years ago to these two brave hearts who had been faithful in their lives. They sleep now under American skies, for Lord Vere never returned to his native land.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Finish up all arrears of winter work in order to be prepared for the spring. Let all beds intended for bedding-out plants be deeply dug, and manured with leaf-mould in preference to dung. Turn over the soil intended for carnations and pinks; give the young plants plenty of air, and keep them clean and moderately dry. Protect hyacinths in severe weather by turning a pot over them. Prepare the soil, and keep dry, for the potting of pansies early in February, and protect seedlings by pressing the earth firmly round their roots. Plant roses in mild weather. See that the stems of polyanthes are not exposed. Place sandy peat or light soil over the rising cones of tulips, as a protection to severe weather.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Protect peas and beans that have made their appearance above ground by dressing the soil gently over them, or stick small bunches of fir or evergreen on each side of the rows. Prepare fruiting beds for cucumbers. Sow cauliflowers, cabbage, lettuce, &c., in boxes. Cabbage forward enough may be taken up and planted close together in a corner, keeping the ground well stirred between growing crops. The more light and loose the surface of the ground the less will the frost penetrate. Prepare and protect asparagus beds. Thin out carrots and radishes in the hot-bed. Plant early sorts of potatoes if they show any appearance of sprouting.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue pruning and nailing wall trees. Destroy moss by a mixture of quicklime, soap, and sulphur, about the consistency of paint. This, laid on with a small brush, or, after syringing or wetting, if the trees are dusted with quicklime in a state of powder, will prove an effectual remedy.

ROSEHURMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 7, 20, 40, &c. Agents.—(Advertisement.)

THE BESSONIAN MANUFACTURE AND ITS SCIENTIFIC BASES.

Or the numerous means that man has invented wherewith to express the soul-enfolding sounds that are generalized by the word music, there are none so popular at the present day—and so justly, for what more inspiring or more pleasurable than their charming resonance—as what are known as brass band instruments?

Within the past thirty years more especially they have gained in favour, a result attributable to the great improvements that have been effected in their manufacture. Of these one maker notably has been the author, and with such manifest satisfaction and increased scientific information, that we are anxious to impart them to our readers.

The name of the master we allude to is F. Besson, and his manufactory is in the Euston-road, London.

The principle upon which he has worked and so successfully carried out may be briefly mentioned:—A perfect instrument of a given kind is first selected, and its proportions, in every part, measured approximately. Upon the basis thus gained a finely-tempered conical rod is constructed, and progressive lines traced on its thinner extremity. A metal tubing, roughly soldered together, is then fitted on the rod, and next pressed through a malleable draw-plate by an apparatus *à la Besson*; and this operation is repeated until the tubing reach the first of the given lines, when it is put aside and replaced by another, which is drawn to the second line, and so continued until forty or fifty tubes are thus conformed. These are then made into instruments, and tested by the process, who select from among them the best, due registry being kept of the particular number or degree corresponding with the lines on the rod. Finally a number of artistic celebrities are invited to decide upon the relative merits of the chosen instruments, and by general election the preferred is determined on; and this, guided by the register, becomes the adopted prototype. Any number of instruments may in such manner be produced, each perfect as the original model, which, from the ordeal it has undergone, is thoroughly free from any irregularity, and as smooth in its interior as in its exterior. For the sake of conciseness and lucidity we have hitherto described only the main tubing, but every shank and crook need their separate prototypes—in short, the cornet section alone requires thirty. Inference, therefore, may be formed of the labour and expense, likewise the extraordinary amount of patience and perseverance employed by the inventor. Greater still was the conception of the idea, which, now that it is realized, gives the assurance of a continuous supply of instruments that formerly could only possibly belong to the limited few—the fortunate artist, the accidental possessor, or the wealthy. Mr. Besson's system, in a word, is the only one discovered by which an entire set of band instruments may be manufactured thoroughly in tune and correct in diapason, and without these joint attributes no ensemble is possible. Other makers may have succeeded by the ordinary mode of manufacture in constructing passably well a certain kind of instrument; but, from what we have heard before, and are now convinced of, Mr. Besson is the only one who can make systematically and regularly a complete series, from the soprano to the contra-bass.

The following certificate, signed in London by the professors whose names follow, many of whom are of the very highest distinction and were performers upon M. Courtois' instruments until they had evidenced, by comparison, the manifest superiority of F. Besson's newly-improved cornets, we herewith append:—

"We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we have carefully proved F. Besson's newly-patented cornet-pistons, and that we find them incomparably superior to any instruments of the same description we have hitherto either tried, heard, or had in use (whether of his or any other make); in detail, they are thoroughly in tune, of a full, round, brilliant tone, and especially remarkable for their surprising freedom in the upper notes, which are as easily obtained with the said new cornets as the medium and lower ones:—(Signed) H. Duhamel, Professor at the Conservatoire Royal, Brussels; Deipolch, Cornet-soloist at the Concerts of London and Paris; H. Spry, Hon. Artillery Company, London; W. Wilmore, Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Alex. Laing, Conservatoire de Lyon, Lyons; Alfred Boulcourt, Ex-leader of the Argyll Band, London; S. West, Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Bonisseseau, Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Wm. Graves, Cornet-soloist, La Vie Guards; George Montague, Cremorne Gardens, London; J. H. Carpenter, Cornet-soloist, Royal Artillery, Woolwich; W. H. Hawkes, Cornet-soloist, Scots Fusilier Guards, London; Charles Coots, jun., Cornet-soloist, Coots and Tinney's Band, London; William Neuserling, Cornet-soloist, Jullien's Concerts, London; H. T. Metcalfe, Cornet-soloist, Wollverhampton; John Lord, Bandmaster, Baccup; Thomas Bartlett, Bandmaster, London; H. W. Perry, Professor of Music, London; Alexandra, Birmingham; W. Williams, Bath; G. F. Davis, Bandmaster, Cardiff; W. A. Tinney, Coots and Tinney's Band, London; R. Wheatley, Bandmaster, Louth and Hull, late of London."

This list is continuously being signed, and may be had on application at the manufactory, 198, Euston-road, London; also other testimonials, occupying no less than fifty pages.

Let, we congratulate the English nation, not only upon the advent among us of so distinguished a contributor to our greatest source of enjoyment—musical—but likewise upon the increased prestige to our manufacture, and the creation of a new home market. In lieu of importing our best instruments, it is now the reverse; we export, and even to the previously most favoured country in this respect—France herself. This latter argument, however, is more in the province of commercial journals and economists than our own. We conclude, therefore, referring such to Mr. Besson's circular, headed "Brass Musical Instruments."

THE ARCHDEACONRY of Westminster, rendered vacant by the resignation of the Venerable Dr. Bantick, has been conferred upon the Rev. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth.

THE NEW BARONET.—Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, upon whom Her Majesty has graciously conferred a baronetcy, is a son of the late Rev. George Tennyson, M.A., rector of Somerby, near Grantham, and a nephew of the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson, D. of Ely, who was for many years member for the metropolitan borough of Lambeth. He was born in 1809, at his father's rectory-house, and having been educated mainly at home, proceeded to the University of Cambridge, and entered at Trinity College; but he does not appear, from the published lists, to have taken either classical or mathematical honours. In 1829, when an undergraduate, he gained the Chancellor's medal for the best poem in heroic verse; and recited it in due course in the Senate-house on commencement-day. At the Commemoration of 1855 the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.O.L., and the master and fellows of his own college have conferred an honour on him by placing his bust in the vestibule of their library. It was in 1830 that Mr. Alfred Tennyson published his first volume, entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyric." This was followed by "Morte d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," the "May Queen," the "Two Voices," and other poems; and upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1851, the post of poet laureate was offered to him and accepted. Since that time he has published many works with which the public are familiar.

We recommend our readers who require any Christmas Amusements or Presents to inspect the stock of Electrical, Galvanic, and Chemical Apparatus at Mr. Faulkner's Laboratory, 40, Endell-street. We draw especial attention to the newly-invented *diagnostic Electric Coil*, for giving shocks, and for the cure of various diseases, used without battery or acid; also to the brilliant light made by burning *Magnesium Wire*, which is now sold at 3d per foot; and to the *Magneto Electric Engine*, a beautiful piece of apparatus, price 25s. to 30s.—(Advertisement.)

THE TIME OF DAY.—ARTHUR GRANT'S POCKET TIME PISON, WATERPROOF to denote solar time correctly. 6d. and 1s. each, post-free. Superior Kitchen or Bed-room Clocks, brass works (warranted), 3s. 6d.; ditto Alarm, 5s.; to strike the hours and half-hours, 7s. 6d. Fancy Goods Depot and Cheap Stationery Warehouse, 308, High Holborn, W.C.—(Advertisement.)

EARLY BAPTISM.

An inquiry was held by Mr. Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, on Monday, at the Wellington Tavern, Cannon-street-road, respecting the deaths of two children—a boy and a girl. Catherine Connor, 4, Red Lion-place, Wapping, said that on the previous Wednesday morning she was called to the wife of George Knight, a labourer, residing at 22, King-street, St. George's-in-the-East. Mrs. Knight was delivered of three children, the two deceased and another girl. They were fine children, but there was no doctor or midwife present, and the boy died almost immediately. The father was a Protestant and the mother a Catholic. At ten o'clock the same morning Mrs. Knight told witnesses and a Mrs. Clarke took the two surviving children to the Roman Catholic chapel in the Commercial-road. The coroner asked why they were taken out so soon after birth, to which the witness replied that "it was to make Christians of them; without baptism they could not go to heaven." The mother said, "Make haste, for fear they should die;" she did not say, "for fear the father would come back before they were christened." He did not meddle about religion at all. The witness added, "We wrapped the two girls up, and when we got to the chapel the clergyman came to her and unwrapped the child she carried, and said, 'Oh, it's gone!'" It was dying or dead. The other child was christened. It was a cold day. The witness said before she left home that she thought the child would die, but it was as strong as the other. Mary Clarke, who described herself as a Protestant, and a woman who went out in "cases of necessity," said that there was no reason whatever why the deceased girl should have been lived. The witness never would have taken her own child out on such a cold, bleak, windy day. It died in the chapel. The mother ordered the children to be taken to be christened without loss of time. The husband said afterwards that if he had been at home he would not have allowed them to be taken out so soon after birth. Dr. J. S. Belcher said that the three children were healthy, considering that they were a triple birth. The deceased girl died from exposure to the cold. It was the most indiscreet thing possible to have taken the children through the streets immediately after birth on such a cold day. The boy died from want of artificial respiration being resorted to, — in fact, from want of skilled attendance at birth. The father of the children did not answer to his name when called. The coroner said that it was evident that the mother in her anxiety to cause the children to be made Catholics before the father should return home had sent them on a most inoleant day to have them baptized in the Roman Catholic chapel, and thus the life of one was sacrificed, death taking place actually in the chapel. The jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased female child was found dying, and did die, in a Roman Catholic chapel from the mortal effects of exposure, through being taken out so soon after birth, and that the deceased boy died from exhaustion, from the absence of skilful assistance at birth."

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A young girl, the daughter of keeper Lucas, of Blacknest, was engaged in picking acorns from an oak tree, when her foot slipped and she fell, by striking a dead branch, which had been pointed by age, in her fall, the point of the branch entered her body above the hip bone, passed quite through her, and came out above the opposite hip bone. Hanging head downwards some half minute, the weight tore away the lower portion of the body, making a frightful gash thirteen inches long, and she fell to the ground. The mother of the poor girl was sent for, who, on arriving and seeing the horrifying sight, fainted immediately. The patient, all but dead, was conveyed in a wheelbarrow to her home, and medical assistance sent for. Dr. Sandford was promptly on the spot, when he found, on examination, that the intestines, although protruding, were uninjured. He placed about a dozen stitches in each apart across the wound, gradually got the parts together, and by his unremitting attention and skill the patient is now out of danger and able to walk about, with but a little contraction of the abdomen as the result of the accident.—*Surrey and Hants News and Guildford Times*

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PRIZE RING.—The belt, which was manufactured some years ago by an eminent London firm at a cost of £100, subscribed by noblemen and gentlemen who take an interest in the exploits of the prize ring, has been handed over to Wormald, the victor in the late fight, who is now the acknowledged "Champion." The conditions on which the belt is given are that the holder must defend his claim to it against all comers for three years, and fight for it every six months if challenged to do so. In the event of the holder maintaining his claim for three years the belt becomes his absolute property. It was first won by Tom Sayers against the Dipsion Slasher in 1857. There were several contests for it, but Sayers succeeded in holding it up to his great battle with Hercules (the Benito Boy) on the 7th of April, 1860. After that fight Sayers retired from the ring and the belt was placed "in commission." The result of the late fight rendered Wormald entitled to it, but circumstances seem to show that he will not be allowed to retain it long unchallenged. It is said that in the course of a few days Mace will throw down the gauntlet to the new champion, while in other quarters it is rumoured that King is inclined to reconsider his resolution never to fight again, and to engage in a conflict for the belt. Marsden, who was unsuccessful in the late fight with Wormald, is not likely to enter the ring again, one of his arms having been rendered almost useless by the rough treatment it received.

BEAUTY.—Our Friend says that women will pardon a great deal to their own sex, unless they are guilty of beauty. When they say they "don't like the looks of that woman," you may be pretty certain that men do! O. F. had better look out for his hair.

Varieties.

A LIVERY-STABLE KEEPER, named Spurr, would never let a horse go out without requesting the lessee not to drive fast. One day a young man called to get a turnout to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr; "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, jest look a-her, old fellow," said the somewhat exalted young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse!"

A MAN CHOKED WITH A PIECE OF BEEF.—On Tuesday morning, a well-dressed man, whose name is at present unknown, was choked while eating a beef-steak in a coffee-shop in Chichester-place, St. Pancras. He was taken at once to the Royal Free Hospital, where the throat was opened, the piece of beef removed, and artificial respiration resorted to, but without avail. The deceased wore a moustache, was between thirty and forty years of age, and from the papers that were found on him it is thought that he was by trade a carpenter.

GORDON, Laird of Craigmyre, was once visited by the eccentric Duchess of Gordon on some of her electioneering plans. She had heard that the excellent worthy laird was making bricks on his property to build a wall. Her grace asked politely, "Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks come on?" The Laird of Craigmyre's thoughts were so much occupied with a new leather portion of his attire, which he had lately constructed; so, looking down on his leather garments, he replied in pure Aberdeen dialect, "Muckle obliged to your grace; the breaks war sum ticht at first, but they are doing well enough now."

HUMAN FEET.—The French foot is mesgro, narrow, and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of it." The foot of the Scotch is large and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot, for both beauty and speed, should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the person. The ankle—especially of women—should be round and firm, and not too small.

HINTS TO CARPENTERS.—When you start in business, make up your mind not to chisel or be chiselled. Be liberal to those you employ; it will then be plain to all that you are no screw-driver, and as each day comes round you will find yourself all square with everybody. Make it a rule that any man going into the workshop should scrape his boots. Should the rule be broken, impose a fine of tenpence, which may be called a tin tax. Try all in your power to get your men out of any vices they may have got into; for instance, if you saw them screwed, you, of course, would conclude they had been to an ale-house, and warn them that drinking to excess in the morning will surely bring them to an early bier.

STEAM FIRE-ENGINES.

In the Lord Mayor's Court has been heard an action, Chetwyn v. Captain Shaw, to recover 50*l* damages "for that the defendant so negligently and carelessly managed a certain fire-engine, then under his care and control, that the plaintiff's horse, then being on the public highway, was so frightened and terrified that it became unmanageable, and ran against another engine, also under the control of the defendant, and was wounded, and in consequence died."

The defendant pleaded "Not guilty." Mr. Francis (instructed by Mr. De Medina) appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Day and Mr. Pattison (instructed by Messrs. Ashley and Tee) representing the defendant.

Upon the question as to whether any gentleman was a shareholder in a fire-office, his lordship said, "I am afraid I am."

Mr. Francis: I do not challenge your lordship. The learned counsel then proceeded to state the facts of the case. The plaintiff was a horse-dealer of Finsbury, and on the 7th November last plaintiff's son was taking some horses to Kingsland, and when in the Kingsland-road there were two engines near the scene of a fire—one being on one side of the road and the other opposite. They did not appear to be in play; but just as the plaintiff's son passed, the firemen blew off the steam, the engines being steam fire-engines drawn by horses. Now the noise of this steam blowing off was so great that one of the horses plunged across the road, striking itself and inflicting such a wound that it subsequently died. The learned counsel then referred to a plea put in by the defendant that the engine was not under his personal control at the time. Now, this was a plea that should not be put on the record, because it was well known that Captain Shaw was the head of the Fire Brigade, and it would be useless to sue the man actually in charge of the engine at the time of the accident. It would be shown to the jury that these steam engines had no name upon them, and were really driven in a reckless and dangerous manner about the street, and in addition to the fact that Captain Shaw was the responsible head of the brigade, it would be seen that he had interested himself very particularly in the matter. In reply to a letter written by the plaintiff's instructions, Captain Shaw stated that the engineer in charge of the engine at the time of the accident was playing at the time, and plaintiff's son was passing through the crowd on a nervous horse, without any proper reins. This would be proved to be an error. The crowd had been cleared at the time of the accident, and there were proper reins. This being so, the plaintiff was clearly entitled to recover damages.

The plaintiff said he had been informed that an accident had happened to one of his horses, and

he went to Whitecross-street Fire-station. Plaintiff saw three men, but not defendant. Plaintiff subsequently saw defendant at Wapping-street, and he said he knew nothing about the matter; that was the first he had heard of it. He added, "I'll telegraph if you stop." It was then agreed that plaintiff should take a man from the Bishopsgate-street station to look at the horse. A man accompanied plaintiff to see the horse, and afterwards a communication was made to the defendant.

Captain Shaw and other members of the brigade having been heard for the defence,

Mr. Day urged that it was clear that the use of the steam fire-engine was absolutely necessary for the public good. He trusted the jury would look at the evidence of witnesses in the case, and remember that the lad in charge of the horse had acted negligently in the matter. So far as the case was concerned upon the question of the mode in which the horse was ridden, it would appear that upon the halter produced most hang the verdict of the jury—(great laughter)—the jury must remember that in this matter the boy had been frightened off by the engine, as he said, once, and returned a second time at his own risk. There was negligence on the part of the boy, and none on the part of the brigade, and he (Mr. Day) trusted the jury would find a verdict for the defendant.

Mr. Francis said it had been stated that if the verdict of the jury went against the brigade, the effect would be to put down the steam engines altogether. The question was of importance to the public so far as life and limb were concerned, and it was for the brigade to employ careful men to take care of the engines.

His lordship, in summing up, said that if the jury should be of opinion that there was carelessness by the boy, then the plaintiff could not recover; but if the jury were satisfied that the accident had occurred through the steam being let off a second time, notwithstanding the result of the first blowing off, then it would be for the jury to say whether the defendant should not pay this damage. These were the only questions for the jury. Upon the one side they had the evidence of the plaintiff and his witnesses, and on the other that of the defendant's witnesses, the main question being upon which side was there negligence.

The jury retired, and upon their return found a verdict for the defendant.

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DR. CURTIS'S MEDICAL GUIDE TO MARRIAGE. A Practical Treatise on its Physical and Personal Obligations, with Instructions to the Married and Unmarried, for removing the special disqualifications and impediments which destroy the happiness of wedded life. By Dr. J. L. CURTIS, 13, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, London, W. This work contains plain directions by which forfeited privileges can be restored, and essential functions strengthened and preserved. Sold by Allan, 30, Warwick-lane, and Mann, 39, Cornhill, London; or direct from the Author, who has also just published a new and revised edition of his popular work, "MARRIAGE," a Medical Essay on the Treatment of Nervous Debility, Impotency, &c. which is forwarded at the same price as above.

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DR. THOMAS, of the Lock Hospital, H.G. King's College, College of Physicians, has just published a new edition of his work, "The Ladies' Private Confidential Adviser," with cases restored to health, grace, elegance, and beauty. On love, marriage, pregnancy, miscarriages, and discharges in marriage, obstructions, barrenness, irregularities, showing the cause of infertile and unhappy unions; which destroy the happiness of wedded life and how to ensure happy marriage. A Short Treatise, in a private sealed envelope, the twenty stamps. All letters must be addressed to Dr. THOMAS, 9, Markham-square, King's-road, Chelsea, London.

TO LADIES ONLY.—Dr. Thomas, H.G. King's College, College of Physicians, is consulted daily personally and by letter. "The Ladies' Private Confidential Adviser," with cases restored to health, grace, elegance, and beauty. On love, marriage, pregnancy, miscarriages, and discharges in marriage, obstructions, barrenness, irregularities, showing the cause of infertile and unhappy unions; which destroy the happiness of wedded life and how to ensure happy marriage. A Short Treatise, in a private sealed envelope, the twenty stamps. All letters must be addressed to Dr. THOMAS, 9, Markham-square, King's-road, Chelsea, London.

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